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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE KIDNAPPING AT CHICAGO.

ST. LOUIS, August 3, 1859.

Editor of The Chicago Times.

DEAR SIR: I observe from the Chicago papers that considerable excitement has existed in your city, in consequence of the taking secretly [illegible] negro men—fugitives from service and labor.

I regret exceedingly to see the noble sentiment of philanthropy expended upon unworthy objects, and still more regret to see it become the moving cause of injustice and persecution to innocent parties, be they black or white. For these reasons I propose to give you the character of the individuals who have called forth this burst of sympathy, as well as the means by which they were brought home, trusting that when the facts are known, the reasonable people of Chicago will see that justice is done to their own citizens.

Some years since, Governor Scott (now in Chicago, and recently a witness in certain proceedings held there), together with his brother, Henry Scott, and his nephew Washington Anderson, ran away from my father-in-law, the late Major Richard Graham, and all went to Chicago. Governor, from his boyhood up, was notorious throughout the neighborhood as a gambler and thief. He left behind him when he ran away, *three* wives—all now living here and within a circuit of three miles, and he has now a fourth if not more in your city. Henry, (the brother of Governor) was convicted of larceny and flogged by the civil authorities; he afterwards stole a horse, for which he has not yet been tried and for which offence I held, when I found him, the requisition of the Governor of Missouri, and sometime during the last winter he was tried for larceny in the State of Indiana, found guilty, and sent to the penitentiary. After about two weeks' sojourn, he broke jail and fled to Chicago as an asylum, where he had doubtless lived by pilfering up to the time I brought him away. In every other vice, as well as thieving, he imitated the example of his older brother (Governor), but being neither as good looking or intelligent, he did not succeed as well in the matrimonial line.

Washington was a lad, only sixteen years of age when he ran away, and up to that time had distinguished himself only as an expert pilferer of corn-cribs and hen-roosts. As he grew older he grew bolder, and aimed higher, until at length the inexorable civil authorities of Indiana seized him also, found him guilty of grand larceny, and sent him to the penitentiary, from which, with much trouble and expense, I obtained his release, through the clemency of the Governor, last spring. Having voluntarily accompanied me home, he remained happy and contented with his relatives, without even a harsh word for past offences, until some two months ago, when, having fully established himself in the confidence of his father, mother and owners, he again ran away to Chicago, enticed away with him his younger brother Jim, who was an exceedingly good boy, and the loss of whom nearly killed his mother. This last act of treachery on Washington's part was considered so outrageous even by the other negroes, that they were unanimous in the hope that he might be caught. Having now been thoroughly convinced that this family, whatever may be said of other negroes, were incapable of living honestly and decently in a free State, I determined to bring them home. I accordingly sent *policemen from this city* on their trail, who reported them to be in Chicago. I then repaired thither, and believing that if I could meet them in person they would willingly, if not gladly, accompany me home. I employed professional detectives to bring about an interview, instead of lawyers and the civil authorities to enforce the Fugitive Slave law. The interview was had, and, as I expected, the three boys, Henry, Washington and Jim, were perfectly willing to come home with me, told me of all the hardships and troubles they had suffered, inquired after their friends and relatives at home, laughed and chatted merrily for half an hour, and then went fast asleep. Within ten minutes after meeting me, Jim communicated to me the fact that since he had left home he had not been able to collect a single dollar for all the hard labor he had done for *sympathizing friends*, and proved the truth of his statement by turning his empty pockets inside out, exhibiting his toes through his shoes, and his garments in rags (all of which, by the way, I had given him from my own wardrobe a short time prior to his leaving home), covered with shame that, since he had been forced to do that which he never expected to do—*i. e.*, beg from door to door to keep from starving. Henry had a similar tale to tell, except that instead of getting verbal he had received written promises to pay for his labor, and looking upon me as his best friend, he immediately put into my hands to collect for him the following notes, which were all he had received or could ever get for seventeen months of hard labor;

$92. CLIFTON, March 14, 1858.

Six months after date I promise to pay to the order of Henry Scott ninety-two dollars, at Clifton; value received.

(Signed) HENRY D. WALKER.

Also the following:

CLIFTON, Feb. 14, 1858.

Due Henry Scott, on demand three 50-100 dollars.

(Signed) HENRY D. WALKER.

I have promised Henry to collect the foregoing notes, and give him the money, and I presume that Mr. Walker's sympathy, if not his sense of justice, will induce him to remit to me the above amounts which I faithfully promise shall be handed to Henry for his own use and benefit. If not, my sympathy for and duty to the poor negro will force me, however disagreeable it may be, to institute suit against him. I would not be at all disposed to press Mr. Walker in this matter were I not credibly informed that he is a wealthy farmer, who has always professed great sympathy for the negro race.

Washington's circumstances were no better than those of Jim and Henry—his pockets empty, his clothes ragged, reputation buried in the Indiana Penitentiary—he was truly a miserable object.

After the foregoing statement you will not be at all surprised, Mr. Editor, that these boys should have exhibited, as they did, a real pleasure in again meeting with a true friend in their master, one who had never laid, or caused to be laid, the weight of a hand upon them in anger, or even used a harsh expression to them.

After a speedy journey by railroad, they were safely and willingly landed in this city—and I risk nothing in saying that their experience of life in Chicago has satisfied them, that a good home and a kind master in a slave State, are altogether preferable for them to starvation or the Penitentiary in a free State.

The tale of Bloody Island brutality needs no contradiction here, but as it probably would not have been told in Chicago, unless some one could be found there to believe it, I think it proper to say that it is false from beginning to end, and could only have been invented by a brutal negro, or a still more brutalized white man. Instead of fiendish flogging, they received by the way and on their arrival home new clothes, new blankets, plenty of money to buy their tobacco, &c., &c.

The question will naturally be asked, why I did not bring Governor home also. My reply is, that I found him with a new wife and a new family, apparently confining his roving affections to them, and trying by honest labor to support them. I knew he would be utterly worthless, as he always had been here; and although I could have taken him at any hour during three weeks' time, yet as he seemed to be eking out an honest living—miserable, it is true—so miserable that he could not, or would not give his nephew Jim, as he is called, a mouthful of bread to keep him from starving (according to Jim's own statement), I concluded to leave him there so long as he chooses to behave himself.

In conclusion, I desire in justice to innocent parties in Chicago, to say, that no person whatever used any violence of any kind towards the three negroes in question. It is true that I employed professional detectives, to perform their strict professional duties, and no more. I showed them the requisition of the Governor of Missouri, under the great seal of the State; I showed them the record of jail breaking from the Indiana penitentiary, and asked them to bring me face to face with these convicts. I reminded them that if it was a white man I was after with such records of crime, neither they nor any other detectives in Chicago would make any difficulty about it. They finally agreed that I should have an interview with them, and (considering that they were negroes), would do no more. I met the negroes, and asked them if they were willing to go home; they all replied that they were, and then, like children, began to tell me each his story of wrongs and sufferings.

I observe from the newspapers of your city that a Mr. Charles Noyes has probably been obliged to flee from Chicago, to avoid personal harm. With regard to him I can say, and will so testify whenever called upon, that he did not "forcibly steal, take or arrest" either "Henry Scott," "Washington Anderson" or "James Anderson" in the State of Illinois (or anywhere else), nor did he carry or accompany anybody else in carrying, either or all the aforesaid individuals out of the State of Illinois into any other county, State or Territory. Neither did he, nor any one else, forcibly take or arrest any one, or all the aforesaid individuals, with a design to take him or them out of the State of Illinois. If there was any "forcible arresting or conveying" (which I positively deny), it was done by myself. They came all the way from Chicago in my company, and unrestrained by irons, threats, or anything else; they freely walked on board the boat at Illinoistown, and transferred themselves from the State of Illinois to the State of Missouri.

Again I observed that a negro man called Turner, and another who would seem to have been "*most cruelly whipped*," and whose name is not mentioned, are suffering under the imputation of having assisted in sending their colored brethren back to their master. The charge against them is entirely false, and they are unjustly, illegally and unrighteously suffering.

In concluding the [illegible] communication, I desire to say that [illegible] counsel or lawyers and the Fugitive Slave law, because of a strong objection I entertain in common with many others, to making my private affairs and losses assume the form of public nuisances. I did not then, nor do I now, consider that I had a moral right to place all the good people of Chicago in the dilemma of either endangering their lives in aiding me in a matter of no personal interest to themselves, or else of wilfully violating a law of Congress. Most of your brave and honest citizens, I know would prefer the first alternative, but it was precisely because I knew they would, that I did not then, or ever did, willingly ask them to do so.

Thinking, Mr. Editor, that this communication may have the effect of relieving the innocent, and placing all blame (if any) where it properly belongs, on myself, I remain, dear sir.

Very truly yours, D. M. FROST.

Selections.

EMANCIPATION ANNIVERSARY IN LONDON.

SPEECHES OF GOV. HINCKS, GEORGE THOMPSON, AND OTHERS.

[We published last week the speech made by Lord Brougham upon taking the chair at the meeting held in London on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of W. I. Emancipation. We now give *The Morning Star's* report of the other speeches made on the occasion.]

SPEECH OF GOV. HINCKS.

GOVERNOR HINCKS, of Barbadoes, moved—"That on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the British colonies this meeting joyfully records its satisfaction in the retrospect of that great act of national justice and sound policy, and emphatically affirms that the emancipated population of those colonies have triumphantly vindicated their right to freedom, and the justice of the Act of Emancipation, by the signal progress they have since made morally, religiously, and politically; and this meeting is of opinion that the great event now commemorated, and its results, should animate the hopes and encourage the efforts of the friends of freedom throughout the world, who are invited to mingle their congratulations with ours, that from the list of human inconsistencies and crimes has been obliterated forever that of British colonial slavery." Before speaking to the resolution, he defended himself against any who might say he ought not to be present at such a meeting. He would not have been there to engage in anything of a party nature, but the question of slavery was not a party question in this country (hear, hear). And he believed also that the planters were themselves convinced of the good results of emancipation. He had not arrived at the convictions he entertained from his experience in Barbadoes only, but had carefully examined the subject in the Southern States of America, in Cuba, and in the other colonies of the West Indies. The result of his inquiries he had embodied in a letter to Mr. John Tappan, of Boston, and having fortified his opinion since, was prepared to stand by everything he had said. There could be no doubt in the minds of any who examined the subject that slave labor was much dearer than free labor (hear, hear). It only required that England should prove this to be so in all the West India islands to make emancipationists of the Southern States of America. Hitherto we had not performed our duty to the West Indies, nor to the principle of freedom (hear, hear). The good results of emancipation on the social condition of the people, it was not denied by anybody in the West Indies, had been very great. In Barbadoes the progress was especially marked. He knew of no people anywhere, of the laboring class, who had done so much as the people of Barbadoes had done for the education of their children, and the results were seen to be of the most gratifying character in the social habits and mental acquirements of the people. The Governor quoted a number of statistics to prove this, and then proceeded to remark upon the vicious tenure of land, which was the real cause of much of the want of material prosperity complained of. It was only a monthly tenure, and the tenant was frequently compelled to leave his growing crops, and take for them the valuation of the proprietor; and if he gave notice to leave he sacrificed his crops altogether (hear, hear). If he were the proprietor of a sugar estate, the first thing he would do would be to set apart the third of that land, of which he would give them as good a tenure as he had himself, if they desired to settle upon it. He would encourage them to grow canes upon the estate. That common sense view of the case had not been taken. Their plan should be to induce the people on their own account to attend to the cultivation of sugar (cheers).

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON rose amid loud applause, which having subsided he said that it would be a work of supererogation on his part to offer a single syllable in addition to the very luminous speech just concluded by his Excellency the Governor of Barbadoes. He thought the argument on that branch of the question was impregnable, but if it were not so they were not there to celebrate the triumph of any dogma of political economy so much as to congratulate one another—the country, the queen, and mankind at large—upon the extirpation of one of the most heinous crimes ever perpetrated by man upon his fellow. The question had never been in this country, in the days when public feeling rose so high as to sweep away the dams which previously impeded the progress of the Abolitionists, a question simply of labor, or of the material prosperity of the colonies; the sympathies of the friends of the slave were not confined within the circumference of a sugar hogshead; it was not so much a question of giving free labor to the planter, as of giving freedom to the slave (loud cheers). The argument drawn from political economy had been settled long, long before. Adam Smith, Say, and a host of others, had demonstrated that with reference to sugar growing, as to every other human occupation, free labor was better than forced, and human nature and experience alike taught that kind treatment and equitable remuneration were better than coercion and the lash (cheers). But even should our political economy be false—should the plantations of the West Indies fall into decay; even should planters and managers have to leave their properties, and seek in other regions profitable occupation, the principle on which the anti-slavery cause was based would stand unshaken, for that principle was that emancipation from bondage was the right of the slave, and that his enslavement was a crime to be abolished, not an evil to be mitigated, or an institution to be perpetuated for the profit and aggrandisement of a particular class (applause). He (Mr. Thompson) thought it well on an occasion like the present to glance backward to the period when was manifested the germ, or first principle, of that movement which, in twenty-two years afterwards, was consummated in the abolition of the slave trade, and in five and twenty years from that epoch was succeeded by the abolition of slavery. Mysterious, indeed, were the ways of Providence! In that year a humane man—the Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—announced a prize for the best Latin essay on the question, "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" A young man, then a student in one of the colleges, entered into the competition. He construed the words of the thesis into a reference to the African slave trade, and resolved to prepare his essay accordingly. He was wholly ignorant on the subject, and had but a few weeks for the accomplishment of his task. He gained access to the manuscripts of a deceased slave-trader, and held conversations with some officers who had been in the West Indies. By accident he saw an advertisement of Anthony Benezet's "Historical Account of Guinea," and hastened to London to buy it. The contents were all he wanted, and he sat down to his work. That work he had entered upon as a contest for academical distinction, but he soon found it changed into a painful investigation into the character and details of an inhuman system, the curse of the world, and the scandal of his country (hear). As he proceeded his imagination was filled with horror, and his heart melted with pity; sleep fled from his eyes and tranquility from his soul. He finished his essay, he read it in the Senate, he received the prize, and with his manuscript in his pocket he started for London. Let his own pen describe what took place on the way: "I became at times seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself in these intervals that the contents of my essay could not be true. The more, however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the roadside, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind (for what a thought was that in its influence and its consequences), that if the contents of the essay were true it was time some person should see these calamities to the end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home." The man into whose mind that thought came was Thomas Clarkson (cheers)—and the year was 1785.

"He was the foremost minister of grace,
The new 'Las Casas' of a ruined race;
With angel might he braved the powers of hell,
And fought, like Michael, till the dragon fell."

(Loud applause.) Mr. Clarkson early secured the great cause in which he was the pioneer the inestimable services of Wilberforce, eminent alike as a scholar, an orator, a statesman, and a Christian; while the philanthropists of England gathered around these champions of the negro's rights, they were not without coadjutors in the two Houses of Parliament. Amongst them [illegible] illustrious name [illegible] (Earl Grey), Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), Lord Grenville, Lord Holland, William Pitt, and Edmund Burke, and then, through successive years, Mr. Wilberforce brought the subject before Parliament, but could not succeed in carrying a bill for the abolition till 1804. The measure, however, was rejected in the Lords, and the following year the Commons threw out the bill. The cause triumphed during the short administration of Mr. Fox, and the Whigs had the honor of abolishing the detestable system (cheers). Thus was matured and brought to fruition the wayside thought of Thomas Clarkson (loud applause). A society for mitigating and gradually abolishing slavery was afterwards formed, but its efforts were unattended by any practical results. At length occurred the case of the missionary Smith, which was taken up by the noble chairman in the House of Commons, and occasioned one of the most remarkable debates on record. The speeches of the noble lord were amongst the greatest ever delivered in the British Senate; for forensic skill, for impassioned eloquence, and for oratorical splendour, they were unsurpassed (loud cheers). The noble lord had said truly that the discussion of that question did more than anything that preceded it to bring about the freedom of the negro. The noble lord met with a suitable reward, for the generous effort then made, and for his speech in 1830 he was elected as the representative of the most important constituency in England—he was returned member for the county of York and successor of the Parliamentary champion of the negroes' cause, William Wilberforce (great cheering). About this time the Anti-Slavery Society made an important alteration both in its principle of action and its mode of operation. It inscribed upon its banner immediate, not gradual emancipation—(cheers)—and it sent forth men to summon, by the living voice, the people to a grand and final struggle (loud cheers). The Reform bill passed, and a Reform Parliament was convoked. Everywhere candidates were pledged to immediate abolition. The result was that, in the year 1833, the Government had a House prepared to pass their measure for the extinction of slavery (cheers). When the fate of the system was sealed, there were those who cherished painful apprehensions respecting the conduct of the negroes when they should learn the tidings, and when they should become free. Mr. Buxton, from his seat in Parliament, addressed to the slave population the counsel of a Christian statesman, and urged upon them the forgiveness of past injuries, and the observance of a strictly quiet and orderly demeanor. [The speaker read the passage from the printed debates.] This, said the speaker, was counsel worthy of a Christian Statesman. Was it given in vain? Did the negroes to whom it was offered, in strains so touching, accept and act upon it? Did they justify either the honest apprehensions of their timid friends, or the affected fears of the interested alarmists who sought to scare the nation from its duty? Or did they rather excel the advice given them, and by the unexampled character of their deportment far exceed the wildest hopes which the most confident among their benevolent and trusting sureties had ventured to cherish? (Cheers). History answers the question. Her scroll extends over twenty-five years. She has recorded the events of the 1st of August, 1834, when, according to the title of the act, slavery was abolished throughout the British colonies. History has also recorded the events of the 1st of August, 1838, when the unjust, unnecessary, and cruel system of apprenticeship was prematurely brought to an end (cheers).

LORD BROUGHAM: I omitted to notice in my remarks the fact that the 1st of August is also the anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne of these realms, by which we were saved from religious thraldom and arbitrary power (loud and prolonged cheers).

MR. THOMPSON: I am grateful for the interruption, for the coincidence is a most interesting one. Respecting the emancipation of the negroes, I may say, without risk of contradiction, that the annals of our race would be searched in vain for a parallel instance of a transition so sudden and complete from slavery to freedom, so undisfigured by and abuse of the power which liberty bestows (prolonged cheers). Where are they now? They are free men, exercising the liberty, the rights, and the privileges and power of free men. Have they abused their liberty to the destruction or injury of their former oppressors? Have they relapsed into barbarism and the usual vices and slothfulness of barbarians? Have they slighted or misused their opportunities for the advancement of their material, moral, intellectual, or spiritual improvement? I point to the facts for an answer (cheers). They are industrious cultivators, and often the independent freeholders of the soil (cheers). They are the liberal promoters of education (cheers). They are devout members of Christian churches (hear, hear). They sustain out of their own resources the worship of God, and the various religious institutions of their own locality, and even send to the treasuries of societies in this country their liberal contributions (hear, hear). There is no department of agricultural, commercial, mechanical, or political life, into which they have not entered, and in which they have not creditably distinguished themselves. After dwelling upon other topics, and enumerating the many eminent persons who had labored in the cause of the African race, Mr. Thompson concluded as follows: The immortality of this unsurpassed galaxy of the great and the good is assured. When the infernal slave trade throughout the world is utterly exterminated, when the last fetter of the enslaved negro is rusting away, when Africa is restored to peace and blest with civilization and Christianity, then will these names be household words amongst millions of that race with whose redemption they are imperishably associated (great cheering)—and then, also, will be remembered another name—a man linked for more than half a century to the cause of freedom and progress in this country—a name identified with education, with the freedom of the press, with the reform of the law, with the advancement of science, with the liberation of commerce, and with the amelioration of the social condition of the masses of our people—a name which has become a synonyme for whatever is brilliant in oratory, or nervous in diction, or powerful in invective—but a name illustrious for this reason chiefly, that amongst those who during that period labored most, and most successfully, to secure for the negro the rights of humanity, and the immunities of a citizen, the foremost in the battle, as the latest survivor in the victory, was Henry Brougham.

Mr. Thompson sat down amidst loud and repeated cheers.

SPEECH OF REV. W. G. BARRETT.

The Rev. W. G. BARRETT, who had been for several years a missionary in British Guiana, said that on the 1st of August, 1834, he commenced a succession of services, and from six o'clock in the morning to six in the evening, without intermission, he was engaged in speaking to this emancipated people. When the negroes in the West Indies received this boon they were willing to bury all injuries of the past, and to unite in singing with one heart, as they did with one voice, "Let us sing unto the Lord, for he has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Had the conduct of the planters been as forbearing as that of the slaves was forgiving, and their administration as wise as the cause of the negro was just, there would have been none of those heart-burnings of which they were perpetually reading, both in the Colonial and in the English press. Mr. Barrett then read an extract from a speech of Count Montalembert in the French Chamber of Peers bearing on the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. The passage which throughout was very eloquent and striking, concluded by characterizing the abolition of slavery in the British possession as "the most delightful spectacle and the most blessed revolution which the nineteenth century had presented to man." He would say one word with respect to British Guiana. Mr. Hincks had fallen, he thought, into some slight mistake. He had said there had been a slight retrogression in the condition of the colony of British Guiana since the abolition of slavery. From having been so long in the colony he could say that, so far from there being any retrogression, there could be no doubt that it would bear fair comparison even with Jamaica, or the island of Barbadoes. The fact was, that in British Guiana the emancipated slaves had become larger occupiers of land than those of any other colony. There were, by both canals, and along the banks of the Essequibo, large estates which had been abandoned in consequence of the inability of their proprietors to pay for labor. The negroes had, in many cases, united in numbers of, in some instances, 100 or 200, put their money together to buy these estates. Some of these estates were seven, eight, nine, or even ten thousand acres in extent. They had got them under cultivation, occasionally employing the same white manager to conduct it, under whom they had toiled in bondage. He would just notice the remark which had been made by Mr. Thompson with respect to the self-supporting character of some of their missions. He (Mr. Barrett) was in British Guiana several years, and never received a farthing from any missionary society whatever. He was the minister of a large congregation entirely of negroes. His wife was the only white woman among them, yet they supported him comfortably, and when she was ill they, without any solicitation at all, raised a sum of money, in order to enable him to make a tour for the benefit of his health. He was happy, he said, to throw in this humble contribution to the great cause of humanity and freedom in which they all labored—some, like their noble chairman, with high and distinguished honor, and others, like himself, humbly awaiting the approval of Him who would give to all the ample reward of their labors (loud cheers).

SPEECH OF HON. AMASA WALKER.

The Hon. AMASA WALKER, formerly Secretary of State for Massachusetts, moved the following resolution: "That while this meeting deeply deplores the fact that slavery is still maintained by various civilized nations, and that the slave trade, with all its horrors, is still prosecuted in contravention of treaties, and in defiance of all attempts for its suppression, it rejoices that in different parts of Europe, and in the United States of America, there are societies zealously engaged in promoting the extinction of these iniquities, and would cordially wish them 'God speed.'" He felt, he said, great pleasure in uniting with England in the commemoration of a day which had emancipated 800,000 human beings—a day which had reflected high honor upon England, and which was a cause of rejoicing to all mankind. He rejoiced to have such an opportunity, in behalf of three millions and a half of his fellow-creatures, to return his sincere thanks to the chairman, and all who took an interest in the cause of emancipation. Ever since he could remember, the name of Lord Brougham had been associated with the cause of freedom. They would ask him what was the prospect of emancipation in the United States? It would be deeply gratifying to him if he could tell them that the day was dawning; that they hoped soon to have another 1st of August to celebrate.

LORD BROUGHAM: It should be the 4th of July.

MR. WALKER: They also had thought that that should be the day. He was sorry to say he could give no such account. He would not, from pride of country, come there to present anything in a false light. To the question, what is the prospect of emancipation? he must say there was none. Why! because cotton was 40c. a pound (laughter). They would give that for it, and so would all the markets of the world. The consequence was this, it had the protection, in such a price, of being 150 per cent. higher, in proportion to the labor it costs than other agricultural productions. The demand for slave labor was increased, the price of slaves rose, and the prospect of emancipation declined. It rose and fell with the price current. As long ago as 1832 the Legislature of Virginia came within a very few votes of abolishing slavery. Why? Because they were at very low prices. They might depend upon it that 14 cents a pound was a very powerful lens, and planters had looked through it till they saw that slavery was the corner-stone of republicanism, and they had even discovered that it was a divine institution (laughter). Planters looking through it had made out that the slave trade was the noblest missionary enterprise in the world (laughter). The American and the English were one family, having a common origin, speaking a common language, and, thanks be to God, having a common destiny too. Slavery could not be crushed out in England and sustained in America, but the Abolitionists of both countries must stand shoulder to shoulder in the great contest for freedom (cheers).

LORD BROUGHAM rose and stated that he was obliged to return to the House of Lords. The last speaker, he said, had alluded to the opinion held among the pro-slavery party in America as to the antiquity of the institution; but he (Lord B.) knew of one far older, not much worse, and very much connected with slavery. It was murder; for the first man that was born into the world murdered the second (cheers). He would only address them in the words used by a great Roman orator to a great Roman soldier: "Depend upon it, your fortune has nothing more propitious than that it gives you the power, and your nature has nothing more excellent that to give you the will to promote the security and the happiness of millions" (cheers).

The noble lord then left the hall, the whole assembly standing up and cheering warmly.

UNCHARITABLENESS.

From The (London) Anti-Slavery Advocate.

THOSE who throw their energies and influence into the Anti-Slavery movement must not expect always to sail in smooth water even in England. If they assert that the American Churches are "the bulwarks of American slavery," they must expect to have their statements denied, however conclusive their evidence may be; and if they prove that certain sects in America are largely implicated in the support of the "peculiar institution," they must be prepared to be charged with "uncharitableness," and with being "accusers of the brethren." It is easy to call a man "uncharitable," though sometimes difficult to answer his arguments. It need not be wondered at that such an easy mode of "getting out of a corner" when beaten in argument, should be so often adopted by those who find it impossible to hide their ignorance in any other way. Men of this stamp regard what they term "extreme views" with intense dislike; and abhor the word *ultra* with all its affixes, and are ready to faint if they hear any one utter "strong language." They are in every respect conservative, and may be counted amongst the staunchest supporters of "existing rights" and "vested interests." They hate all "new-fangled notions," and any attempt at change is by them called "revolution." Had they lived eighteen hundred years ago, they would have "despised and rejected" Jesus of Nazareth; and were they now resident in the United States, they would take side with the Cushings and Packthreads in support of slavery. Living in a free country, where slavery has been abolished by the unanimous voice of the people, they find it advisable to avow a detestation of human bondage, but at the same time qualify this by attacking those who are nobly fighting the battle of freedom in America. In their eyes an Abolitionist is a dreadful personage, combining in his person all the fanaticism of a Moslem with the blood-thirstiness of a Red Republican. You may prove that William Lloyd Garrison never shed a drop of blood in his life, and that, on the contrary, he is personally the embodiment of all that is peaceful and inoffensive, while his compeers are men of peace, as little likely to wield physical force as the late Joseph Sturge was to take a commission in the army. No matter; granting all this, still it must be admitted that they are *Infidels!* And why? Because they refuse to acknowledge the genuineness of that Christianity which enslaves the African. They boldly unmask the hypocrisy of those who profess to believe the teachings of Him who came "to liberate the captives," and at the same time uphold the accursed system of slavery. *This* is why they are called *infidels*. And yet men are to be found in England who are ready to echo the falsehoods circulated by the pro-slavery party against the Abolitionists, and who do not hesitate to charge any Englishman who has the manliness to vindicate the truth with "uncharitableness." Charity properly signifies *love*, and therefore to be uncharitable is to be wanting in love; but this is not the fault of the Abolitionists, for have they not shown their love for the whole human race by their unceasing advocacy of universal freedom? Their error is in not loving those who love sin; in not crying "Peace, peace," when there was "no peace"; in speaking out boldly when they would have gained a better position in this world by remaining silent. These are their crimes, and if all who act in a similar manner are to be branded as "uncharitable" and the like—then we say, God grant us grace to win the designation for ourselves!

It may be well for those who so loudly denounce the "uncharitableness" of the Abolitionists to remember the words of the Apostle Paul: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." It may be well for them to consider before pointing out the beam in their brother's eye, whether there be no mote in their own. When Christ was on earth, he gave us a new commandment, "that ye love one another." Does the slaveholder love his *Christian* brother when he manacles and flogs him, or when he sells him to the highest bidder on the auction block? Is there no want of charity or of Christian love in those who dare to consign their fellow-man to a life of bondage? What is charity? Does it consist in cruel oppression, or in loving our neighbor as ourselves, in remembering those that are in bonds as bound with them, and in the possession of that spirit which would act the part of the good Samaritan towards all that are in suffering? If the former, then the pro-slavery party are eminently charitable; but if the latter, then the Abolitionists only are truly charitable, for they have neglected none of these duties.

Let those, then, who have joined in the use of an epithet the meaning of which they have probably never cared to ascertain, ask themselves whether there is more Christian charity in holding out "the right hand of fellowship" to the poor suffering slave, and in giving a cup of cold water to God's children in adversity, or in making fine speeches, and extending a "cordial welcome" to pro-slavery Doctors of Divinity when they come amongst us. Which line of conduct is most consistent with the spirit of the Bible?

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Addressed to "The Anti-Slavery Watchman."

WHAT of the night, Watchman, what of the night—
The black night of Slavery? Wanes it apace?
Do you see in the East the faint dawning of light,
Which tells that the darkness to-day will give place?
Do you hear the trees rustle, awaked by the breeze?
Do you catch the faint prelude of music to come?
Are there voices that swell like the murmur of seas,
When the gale of the morning first scatters the foam?

And what of the fight, Watchman, what of the fight?
The battle for Freedom how goeth it on?
Is there hope for the Truth—is there hope for the Right?
Have Wrong and Oppression the victory won?
Through the long hours of darkness we've listened in fear;
To the sounds of the struggle, the groans and the cries;
Anon they were far, and anon they were near,
Now dying away, and now filling the skies.

Say, what of the *night*, Watchman, what of the *fight?*
Doth gloom yet the bright Sun of Freedom enshroud?
Are the strongholds of Slavery yet on the height?
Is the back of the Negro yet broken and bowed?
Then send forth a voice to the nations around;
Bid the people arise, many millions as one,
And say—"This our brother no more shall be bound—
This wrong to God's children no more shall be done!"

WATCHMAN.

The night is far spent, and the day is at hand;
There's a flash in the East, though the West is yet dark!
Creation hath heard the Eternal command.
And light—glorious light—cometh on: Brothers, hark!
There's a jubilant sound, there's a myriad hum!
All nature is waking, and praising the Lord;
And the voices of men to the list'ning ear come,
Crying—"Up, Watchman! send the glad tidings abroad!"

In the dark Western valleys yet rageth the war,
And the heel of Oppression treads down the poor Slave;
But his eye sees the dawning of daylight afar,
And he knows there are hands stretched to succour and save:
The Standard of Freedom, all bloody and torn,
And trampled, and hidden awhile from the view,
Upraised by the hand of a Woman is borne
In the thick of the fight, and hope liveth anew.

Oh, joy to the Watchman whose eyes can discern,
Through the clouds and thick darkness the breaking of day!
And, joy to the Negro! whose glances may turn
To the quarter whence cometh the life-giving ray,
It cometh—that Freedom for which we have striven!
We have seen the light gilding the hill-tops, and heard
The promise of ONE by whom fetters are riven:
'Tis as sure as HIS high and immutable word!

—*London Anti-Slavery Advocate.* H. G. A.

PLOTS OF THE FILIBUSTERS.

SPANISH AMERICA TO BE CONQURED FOR SLAVERY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, Va., Aug. 13.

THE Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs have long been the favorite resort of the rag-tag and bob-tail of the Southern Summer travellers, and not a few of our Northern men find it in their way to drop in here merely to see the elephant. This was my case, and I must say I do not regret to be all at once thrown into this pandemonium of Fashion, Folly, Vice, and Frolic. There are, perhaps, a thousand or twelve hundred persons here, of every kind and caste. As at other similar places, it would be very difficult to describe the specimens of humanity here found, and I shall not attempt it.

On Saturday, August 6, I chanced to get hold of a curious circular, which seemed so pointed that I concluded to try and see what was on foot. The circular reads thus:

"No. 264 BROADWAY, WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, Va., }
July 27, 1859. }

"SIR. You are respectfully informed that a Convention of Southern men will take place at White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County, Virginia, on Monday, Aug. 3, 1859, to consider the steps necessary to render the political standing and material interest of the South more permanent.

"Questions of vast national importance will be discussed, and it is greatly desired that the influential classes from all the Southern States shall be fairly represented.

"The peace and permanence of our Union may be greatly involved in this enterprise, and it behooves the good and wise—the general Conservative interests of the South—to come forward, and assist in the direction of events.

"For these reasons, you are respectfully invited to be present, and to partake in the discussions and work of said Convention.

"You can rest assured of meeting at this Convention, only true gentlemen, and men of character. It is hoped that every Southern State will be represented here.

"No work since the Colonial Convention in 1775-6, equals in importance the present, and it is hoped you will try to make it convenient to give us your counsel and assistance.

"Very truly, your obedient servant,

"GEO. BICKLEY,
"President American Legion, K. G. C."

This had been probably dropped by the person to whom it was addressed. I made inquiries of several acquaintances as to the business of the Convention, but unfortunately did not come across any one who seemed to know its import. All day Saturday and Sunday small groups of men could be seen conversing earnestly in an undertone, and it was evident that some concert of thought was prevalent. On Monday morning the ball-room was cleared, and a guard in uniform was placed at the door, who admitted such as had tickets. Not being one of the favored few, I did not get admittance, though I tried twice. The curtains were dropped, so that I had no chance to see the number who were present, but judging from those whom I saw enter, I should think there must have been from 80 to 100 persons. As the piazza extends around two sides of the room, it was not difficult to hear much that was said. The meeting seemed to be a preliminary one, and intended to sound the public feeling on the question of acquiring more Southern territory. Mexico was shown up as a country in a state of anarchy, and likely so to remain until it was governed by Americans. The relations of the North and South were examined, and a large amount of disunion feeling was expressed.

From the presence of a large number of military men and noted politicians, as well as from the statements of the speaker, whom I afterwards learned was General Bickley, President of the American Legion, a secret Southern Military Organization, it appears that this movement is more advanced than has been heretofore understood. The Legion is 13,000 strong, mostly armed, and ready to march at short notice. The speaker said:

"Of course, time, place, and plans must not here be made public. You must rely on the regular delegates to arrange these matters, and be assured this part of our labors will receive earnest and calm attention. What we ask of you is to help direct the ship when sails are ready set. Sustain us at home while we do the work abroad—for we are going to fight a battle on other soil, that must otherwise, in a few years, be fought at your own doors."

He stated further that it was determined not to violate the Neutrality laws; but he did not explain how this movement should take place without their violation. The Convention rose at about 1 1-2 p. m., and was assembled again in the evening at the Old Church room, which was protected by a guard and sentinel. Here the meeting seemed to be almost entirely composed of military men. Since then, the meetings have been held every evening, sometimes at one place, and then at another. Yesterday I had a long conversation with Major Tillery and Col. Toler, and to-day I was introduced to Gen. Bickley. He is about 35 or 38 years of age, about 5 feet 10 inches, with deep blue sharp eyes, heavy beard, and looks as determined as man can. He will probably weigh about 150 lbs., is very erect and proud, yet one of the most affable men in conversation I have ever met with. He is well educated, thoroughly acquainted with the United States and Mexico, and has travelled much in Europe. He is a Disunionist in politics, and, if he succeeds, will do much to bring about a disruption of the Union, though he says his movement will alone prevent it. He is surrounded by his suite, and, I must say, they are fine-looking fellows. He talks very much, but if noticed closely it will be observed that he measures every word, and never refers to Mexico as his field of operations; but he draws dismal pictures of Spanish-American civilization—the dangers of the South—and argues strongly for the entire American control of the Gulf. Few young men will talk with him five minutes without catching his enthusiasm. There is that in his voice and mode of expression which is not easily forgotten. It is probable that it is to this body to whom President Juarez looks for assistance, though, if I am not mistaken, Bickley is looking only to the extension of Negro slavery. He says the American Legion was organized in 1854, and has been quietly growing ever since, and that it is now strong enough to work out the destiny of the South, against every opposition. He is greatly in favor of Wise for the Presidency, and says, if he is not the nominee, he hopes Gov. Seward will be elected, so that the South will have to separate. I think he saw that I was a Northern man, and hence did not speak as plainly to me as he would otherwise have done.

I think him a most dangerous man, and

pected that he will *live* one? Would it remove the annoyance of the plundered traveller to be told that "great allowances" must be made for the thief? The truth is that "great allowances" might with equal, and often with greater, justice be made for the perpetrator of any offence throughout the whole category of crime. Then away with such transparent sophistry; "where the spirit of the Lord is, *there* is liberty"; liberty for the body as well as for the soul; liberty "to know, to utter, and to argue freely"; and who will dare to affirm that liberty exists in the Southern States of America, or that the Church which enslaves the African has "the spirit of the Lord" approving its iniquity? In "My Bondage and my Freedom," Frederick Douglass says: "I assert, *most unhesitatingly*, that the religion of the South—as I have observed it and proved it—is a mere covering for the most horrid crimes; the justifier of the most appaling barbarity; a sanctifier of the most hateful frauds; and a secure shelter under which the darkest, foulest, grossest and most infernal abominations fester and flourish. Were I again to be reduced to the condition of a slave, *next* to that calamity I should regard the fact of being the slave of a religious slaveholder the greatest that could befal me. For of all slaveholders with whom I have ever met, religious slaveholders are the worst. I have found them almost invariably the vilest, meanest and basest of their class."

AN APT COMPARISON.

That slaveholders wear a sanctimonious countenace is no proof that they are not beartless hypocrites; long faces, long prayers and long sermons are no passports to heaven. A Christian has "the love of God in his heart," and he who truly loves God will "love his neighbor as himself"; and does the slaveholder do this? If so, he takes a strange way of showing it. In reality he has as little love for his fellowman, whom he flogs at the whipping-post, as the Catholics had for the "heretics" whom they burnt at the stake. If the Catholics were expert in the use of instruments of torture, so is the slaveholder; if the "heretical" Protestants suffered martyrdom, the history of slavery is written with the blood of its victims. Then why are we deceived? If on some first Sunday in the month a converted Mahommedan, with a dozen wives at his elbow, were to march up an aisle in one of our chapels, and were to marshal his twelve good ladies into a pew designed for communicants, would the Sacrament be handed to them? Would not decency be outraged by such a proceeding? The supposition may be somewhat ridiculous, and yet when the representatives of slaveholders comes, not in turban and robe but in beaver and broadcloth, we unblushingly allow *him* to sit with us as a Christian brother, although slavery foster polygamy and other crimes of the deepest dye, and keeps the slave in a state of heathenish ignorance, if anything worse than Mahommedanism. For my own part, whenever I meet one of these despicable specimens of fallen human nature, I feel as Barclay and Perkins's draymen felt when they chased the infamous, woman-whipping Marshal Haynau through the streets of London. Not that I recommend such modes of procedure, for ours is a moral warfare and we have nothing to do with physical force. No! what I say to every anti-slavery man is, *Touch not the unclean thing*. Touch it not, however deceptive its appearance; enticing as it may look on the outside, beneath there is the very blackness of darkness.

SILKEN PHRASES.

We are told that the accursed system comes from God, and men try to hide its blackness behind smooth names; they tell us that it is a "peculiar institution," a "patriarchal form of household government"—in other words, they would have us believe that it is a sort of "little heaven below." Thus, by the use of silken phrases, do men deceive themselves and others. "Peculiar institution"—peculiar indeed in its overwhelming wickedness; "peculiar" in fostering every crime that wickedness and malignity can invent. Truly does honest old John Wesley call it "the sum of all villanies." It is false and wicked to say that the Bible sanctions and approves of such a system as this; the whole teaching of Him "who bowed to death to set the sin-bound prisoner free" is opposed to it. Then why do we receive slaveholders as Christian brethren? and why do we admit pro-slavery divines to our pulpits? If slaveholders, being "man-stealers," are guilty of a greater crime than sheep-stealers, why do we acknowledge them as fellow Christians? That "wealth maketh many friends" is as true now as it was in the days of Solomon, and this is one reason the slaveholders are rich in this world's goods, and who can number the worshippers of mammon? Another reason has been, deficiency of information, which has led us to welcome any American who had the art to palm himself off as an Abolitionist, without first inquiring into his antecedents; whilst others amongst us have gone on year after year, as I once heard a gentleman say, "hoping all things" concerning their American brethren, forgetting that whilst we are told to "hope all things" we are also told that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and that if we recognize slaveholders as fellow Christians, we approximate ourselves to their standard of Christianity; therefore, if we wish to preserve our religion "pure and undefiled" we must have no fellowship with the "workers of iniquity."

SECTARIAN ONE-SIDEDNESS.

The mischief is, that every denomination of Christians in England religiously believe that the members of their own communion in America are entirely anti-slavery: thus, a Baptist will admit that the Wesleyans and Independents of America are largely implicated in the support of slavery, but nothing can convince him that the American Baptists hold 250,000 slaves; while a Methodist is as firmly convinced of the guilt of the Baptists and the innocence of his own sect; and the Independents triumphantly point to Albert Barnes, Dr. Cheever, Mrs. Stowe, and other champions of freedom, as conclusive evidence of the anti-slavery character of the Congregationalists of America. Thus, as in the Circumlocution Office, everybody blames everybody else, and those who are most deserving of censure are loudest in their protestations of innocence.

TIMIDITY OF ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETIES.

How is it that so many pro-slavery ministers of the Gospel are received with open arms by English Christians, while the Anti-Slavery Societies stand quietly by, not *during* to protest against such shameful inconsistency? The answer is, because they are *afraid* to do right! Perhaps the Rev. Mr. ——— is a Baptist, and several members of the Anti-Slavery Committee are Baptists also; and so to please these, who else would discontinue to subscribe to the Society's funds, the reverend hypocrite must be received as a fellow *Christian*. Thus the system works. The Anti-Slavery Societies loudly call upon American Churches *generally* to take a proper stand on the slavery question; but when the time comes for any individual Society to back its fine words by corresponding actions, they suddenly discover that its Baptist, Wesleyan, or Independent members, as the case may be, will desert the Society if steps are taken to expose the pro-slavery position of some reverend American fellow-professor; and so, for the sake of a few paltry pence, Judas sells his Lord. Well may the "pious" slaveholders and pro-slavery Church members of America retort, "Physician, heal thyself." The Rev. Edward Mathews could make some curious revelations if he liked, by stating how far his efforts to awaken English Christians to a knowledge of the fact that slavery is mainly upheld by their professed brethren in America have been seconded by the Anti-Slavery Societies, and whether, in many instances, he has not met with positive *opposition* from them.

LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

From The Liberator.

OUR esteemed friend, Francis Jackson, Esq., kindly permits us to publish the following extracts from a letter which he has just received from Mr. Parker, knowing how wide an interest is felt in his welfare. It is most gratifying to believe that his health is really improving. May his days be long in the world!

MONTREUX, Canton Vaud, Switzerland, July 2, 1859.

FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq.—*Dear Friend:* It is a long time since I wrote you, although I have sent letters to many others since the 3d of June. The truth is, I am indebted to so many persons for epistolary and other favors, that my gratitude would keep me writing all the time to repay the kindness I have received; but there must be a limit even to gratitude—so I write much less than I would, remembering your injunction, "not to overdo." Let me say, that I am a deal better here than ever before since leaving Boston; nay, bating the ill-condition of the voice, and a certain ugly cough, I am better than last year at this time. Besides, the cough itself abated greatly after I came here, but I caught cold in a steamboat, and the tormentor came back, but is now quietly going off again. The weather here has been very fine, like our beautiful July weather; thermometer 82 to 84 in the shade, and dropping down to 72 or 70 at night. It has been raining for three or four days, and the mercury stands at 60. It went down to 58 on our passage hence from the West Indies, when near the Azores: that is the lowest I have seen it since we entered the Gulf Stream, Feb. 10th!

We are well situated here—a fine house, beautiful situation, and excellent companions. Mr. Lyman, the Hunts, and the Apthorps, are at the same house.

I meant to write Mr. Garrison a letter, to be read on the first of August, but could not quite bring it to pass. Give him my heartiest regards, and his family also.

How like the "Evil One" the American Government does act! The slave trade with Africa carried on publicly, and with the connivance of the Federal authorities—no man punished for the most open violation of the law, which was meant to prohibit that foulest of wrongs; the Supreme Court scoffing at the first principles of all just government, and treading State Rights and the Rights of Man under foot; kidnappers in Pennsylvania, Ohio, everywhere seizing innocent men, and hounding them off to slavery; Circuit Courts putting noble men in jail, for the most common acts of natural charity and instinctive justice, and that too by the verdict of Northern juries; Governors, like Chase of Ohio, allowing the kidnappers full swing in their own Northern States; Legislatures, like those of New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, refusing to pass a Liberty Law, which shall prevent the worst crimes against Humanity; the Republican party crouching down and sneaking off from its most obvious duty and plainest interest—what a sight it is!

America has no good influence in European politics at present. Thoughtful men, friends of the human race, who seek to advance the progress of mankind, look at our diplomatic officers abroad, men like Dallas at London, Mason at Paris, Daniel at Turin, and J. Glancey Jones at Vienna, and ask, "Is that the fruit of the American tree?" For answer, they look at the tree itself—a Democracy that bears four million slaves, and scatters the seeds of bondage into every Territory and every State! They look at the American Church, and find no leading sect that dares oppose the most monstrous evil in the world! What can an enlightened man hope from a people who tolerate such things? If he is a stranger, his fears overpower his hopes. You and I are Americans—democrats, too, in the deepest depths of our nature—and we may see through all this wickedness, and foretell a virtuous manhood for this youth prematurely debauched, who now disgraces the Continent; but a European philosopher or statesman cannot judge us in that way. So at this day, I think, our example only aids the tyrant. Of course, men like Caleb Cushing and his gang of atheistic hypocrites rejoice in all this, as preparing for the ruin of the democratic institutions which they hate.

God bless you and yours! Faithfully,
THEODORE PARKER.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

WANTED.—To complete files, to be deposited in an important public institution, where they will be permanently open to the public, the first three Reports of the American Anti-Slavery Society (1834, 1835, 1836) and the First Report of the New England Anti-Slavery Society (1833) are wanted. Friends of the cause, search your piles of old pamphlets, and if you can find either or all of these Reports, and do not care to retain them, please send them at once to the Editor of THE STANDARD, who will thank you in the name of the cause.

ANNIVERSARY OF EMANCIPATION IN LONDON.

THE reports that have reached us of the celebration of the First of August in London, under the joint auspices of the new Anti-Slavery Committee and the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, are exceedingly gratifying and encouraging to American Abolitionists, calculated as they are to strengthen the hope that the cause of freedom in this country will be more powerfully aided in the future than it has been in the past by its friends in the Old World. Abolitionists on this side of the water have thought their brethren in Great Britain somewhat remiss in efforts to enlighten the world respecting the workings of Emancipation in the West Indies, and to counteract the misrepresentations of the friends and apologists of slavery, who, with clamorous din of reiteration, have insisted that the grand experiment of British Justice and Philanthropy was a failure. The London celebration, sanctioned and aided as it was by the venerable BROUGHAM, will, we hope, give a truer and firmer tone to the public opinion of Great Britain, and not be without its effects upon the British press.

The report of Lord Brougham's speech, which we published last week, was neither as full nor as correct as could be desired. We regret that a much better one in *The Clerkenwell News* came too late to be available. The report on the first page of the addresses of Gov. HINCKS and GEORGE THOMPSON fail to do justice to the speakers, but they will give our readers some idea of the arguments by which they defended the cause.

The following letter from Mr. Chesson makes up in some degree for the deficiency of the reports, and contains information which cannot fail to cheer the friends of the cause in this country.

19 HARPUR STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON, 5th August, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I SEND you some three or four London newspapers from which you will be able to form a pretty correct idea of our First of August meeting, the most successful anti-slavery demonstration which has been held in London for many years past. Although the time of the year and the hour at which the meeting was held were both unfavorable to its success, yet the Music Hall, Store Street, was crowded with a large and most respectable audience, who displayed the greatest enthusiasm, and remained, with a very few exceptions, till the close of the proceedings, which occupied nearly four hours. Lord Brougham, the colleague of Wilberforce and Clarkson, and the most illustrious of living Abolitionists, worthily presided. I need not descant on the pathos and beauty of his opening speech, as you will probably give your readers the opportunity of judging for themselves; but I must say that nothing could be more affecting or more eloquent than his references to his fellow-laborers in the great cause of abolition; especially his allusions to those who, like Clarkson, Wilberforce, Smith, Thornton, Stephen, and Sturge had departed this life. Nothing, too, could be more affecting than his references to himself. "I," he said, "have grown old in these labors, but this is an occasion on which I may say,

'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fire.'"

The first resolution, recording the satisfaction of the meeting at the retrospect of "that great act of national justice and sound policy," was moved by His Excellency Governor Hincks of Barbadoes, who brought forward a mass of facts to prove the triumphant success of Emancipation in the West Indies, especially in the islands of which he is Governor. Then followed what was unquestionably the speech of the day. Mr. Thompson delivered what a critic has rightly described as having been a speech of "unsurpassed eloquence." He commenced by placing the event which the meeting had met to commemorate upon the high ground of religious duty and of justice to the negro. He then, with great animation of manner, sketched the history of the movements against slavery and the slave trade from the time that "the wayside thought" of Thomas Clarkson inspired him to declare war against the cruel and inhuman traffic in man. Then followed a splendid tribute to the great heroes of the anti-slavery cause, and a triumphant vindication of the results of Emancipation as it regarded the enfranchised negroes. Sublime appeals and bursts of impassioned eloquence alternated with displays of quiet humor and deep pathos. The Hon. Amasa Walker moved the next resolution, which deplored the existence of slavery and the slave trade in various countries of the world, and expressed its sympathy with the Anti-Slavery Societies existing in the United States and elsewhere. Mr. Walker delivered a good, practical speech, but it savored more of the Republican than of the anti-slavery party; and he made a rather lame attempt to show that owing to the independent action of the thirty-two "sovereign" States, the Northern States were practically free from participation in the guilt of slavery. Mr. Washington Wilks, who had been chosen to speak on behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society, then delivered a stirring speech, in which, amid loud applause, he paid an eloquent tribute to Mr. Garrison and his fellow-laborers, and vehemently denounced "the infidel" cry, declaring that there was no infidelity so great as that which crucifies Christ in the persons of those for whom he died, while there was no form of Christianity more beautiful or more orthodox than that which proclaimed the gospel of negro liberation.

A verbatim report of the proceedings is being prepared by Mr. Farmer, who has rendered invaluable service to the cause, both in his private capacity and as Editor of *The Clerkenwell News*. A large number of copies of the pamphlet will, I hope, be sent to the United States and to the West Indies. Governor Hincks is about to have his speech published in a pamphlet form; and as it will be circulated among members of Parliament, and other distinguished men, it may be expected to prove a valuable contribution to the anti-slavery literature of this country.

I should say that the meeting was held with the full and hearty coöperation of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. They desired to take part with us in making the meeting a worthy commemoration of West India Emancipation; and nothing could be more cordial than the manner in which Mr. Chamerovzow and the Committee united with us. They bore their share of the expenses of the meeting, and it is at their expense that the pamphlet report of the proceedings will be published. It is a great satisfaction to us to find this Society so far progressing in the right direction.

Yours, very truly, F. W. CHESSON.

AMASA WALKER, Esq., writing to *The Liberator*, says:

"You will have a full account of the meeting, no doubt, and I write this only to notice two facts, which I thought you might like to hear from me. First, that our friend George Thompson made a speech, which for eloquence and power was quite equal to any performance I ever heard him make, in his palmiest days. He spoke, perhaps, forty-five minutes. I do not know as he could now speak for three or four hours, as he used to do, but I was quite astonished to find that, after all he has suffered, he was able to make so brilliant an effort. I think all his friends will be very much gratified to learn this, and I am sure we may confidently expect that he will do great service for humanity in the future, as in the past.

"The other fact that impressed me was the great amount of information communicated by Gov. Hincks, of Barbadoes, and other gentlemen acquainted with the West Indies, in regard to the favorable working of emancipation. The evidence was overwhelming that the great experiment is a success. I had, I must confess, been led to entertain great fears as to the future of the emancipated slaves, but those fears are now removed.

"I find a great many persons here who feel a deep interest in the movements of the Abolitionists in the United States, as well as in the political events of the day."

THE PROSPECTS OF DOUGLAS.

THAT Senator Douglas means to be nominated for the Presidency at Charleston we have no doubt. His hope is to control a majority of the delegates from the North, and force the South to take him as the only way of escaping a defeat at the hands of the Republicans. His recent denunciation of the foreign slave trade, and his opposition to the enactment by Congress of laws to protect slavery in the Territories, are believed by sagacious men to be part of a plan concocted by his friends in the South to give him strength at the North. The Washington *Republic* says:

"It is said to have been arranged last winter, between leaders at the South and Mr. Douglas, that certain issues, never seriously intended as such by the South, should be ostensibly urged from that quarter, for the express purpose of giving him the opportunity of cheaply acquiring Northern capital, by taking the negative side. The names of parties to such an arrangement have been given to us upon no mean authority, and it implies no improbable degree of craft, when it is recollected, that with Southern politicians, the business of life is politics, and that the problem which they have always before them is, how to overcome numbers by finesse."

The "feigned issues" here alluded to are, of course, the revival of the slave trade and Congressional intervention in behalf of slavery in the Territories. The *Republic* says the South does not deem either of these measures to be necessary, the Dred Scott decision being sufficient to protect slavery in the Territories, and the introduction of slaves from Africa, in spite of the laws, being easy enough under the sanction of public opinion at the South.

"A Native Southerner," writing to *The Tribune*, gives an account of a recent meeting of politicians at the house of Mr. Douglas, and says:

"He appeared to take all by surprise by the strong and decided opinions he expressed in the conversation. He said that the whole slavery question was a momentous one, and must be fought and fought now to the end—and the question whether himself or any other man was to be nominated for or elected to the Presidency, sank into insignificance in comparison with the great issue. He was very vehement in his denunciations, and ridiculed the idea entertained by many of his Democratic friends, that by the decision in the Dred Scott case slavery existed in or went into the Territories—contending that no such decision had been made; or if made, could have no binding force; that such an idea was ridiculous in the extreme; he wondered that any were found so foolish as to harbor such a thought. He contended that slavery could not go into the Territories except by special local enactment after a Territorial government had been duly formed, and that slavery did not and could not exist in the Territories until then; that all persons who go into a Territory before an act has been passed for the establishment of a Territorial government, are interlopers and trespassers, and have none of the rights of 'citizens of the several States,' and can claim no protection nor obtain redress for grievances of the General Government; and hence they can have no legal protection or claim for any slaves they may take with them."

The same writer naively says, that "with such views as these Mr. Douglas might be considered a proper candidate for the *Republican* nomination," only he thinks him insincere, and therefore not to be trusted! What a pity that the Republican party has reduced its anti-slavery to such an infinitessimal quantity that Senator Douglas, with the consent of the slaveholders, is likely, by a little clever hypocrisy, to "steal" all its "thunder"! The correspondent aforesaid says:

"You will see by what I have written that Mr. Douglas is doing everything in his power to secure a majority of the delegates from the free States to the Charleston Convention. Indeed, he confidently boasts that he will have almost the entire free State delegation, and speaks sneeringly of the South as though he had it in his breeches pocket, or, in the words of the illustrious Gov. Wise, 'had bagged the South.' Thus, relying upon his opposition to the reopening of the slave trade, he feels confident of securing the influence and coöperation of the slave-owning aristocracy in controlling the Convention, and thereby hopes to get enough of the Southern delegation combined with the free State vote to secure his nomination.

"He publicly avows that the South will go for him, or whoever may be nominated by the Charleston Convention, because it would be suicidal to stand out against the Democratic nominee."

The Washington *Republic* further says:

"The present indications are, that we are to have in 1860 a repetition of the game which was so successful in 1856; a Democratic Presidential nomination of a man to be commended to the North, by an artfully contrived belief that he is distasteful to the extremists of the South. It was in that character that Mr. Buchanan was made palatable to the free States, while the Southern leaders, who understood their man, as they always understand men, laughed at the success of a trick, of which they are to this day enjoying the fruits. It is in the same character that the Southern leaders, as we believe, are now intending to elect Mr. Douglas to the Presidency. The appearances to the contrary are altogether deceptive. Southern denunciations of Mr. Douglas are still common enough, but they are not, at this present writing, either so general or so bitter, as were Southern denunciations of Mr. Buchanan at the same period in advance of the Cincinnati Convention. The mask is off earlier, and it remains to be seen if an interval of four years is long enough to prepare the country for a successful repetition of a trick once tried and once seen through."

THE FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE.

As the question of enforcing or repealing the laws against the foreign slave trade is likely to be in issue at the approaching Presidential election, we shall endeavor to keep our readers posted in regard to the facts, opinions and movements which have a bearing upon the subject. We now put on record an important declaration lately made by Senator Douglas. "A Native Southerner," writing from Washington to *The Tribune*, describing what took place at a recent meeting of politicians at the Senator's house, says:

"In regard to the slave trade, Mr. Douglas stated that there was not the shadow of doubt but that it had been carried on quite extensively for a long time back, and that there had been more slaves imported into the Southern States during the last year than had ever been imported before in any one year, even when the slave trade was legal. It was his confident belief that over 15,000 slaves had been brought into this country during the past year. He had seen, with his own eyes, 300 of those recently-imported, miserable beings, in a slave-pen in Vicksburg, Miss., and also large numbers at Memphis, Tenn.

"This is no imaginary sketch, but the expressions of Mr. Douglas as enunciated in conversation on Friday evening at his residence, and cannot be controverted by himself or friends."

The same writer says:

"Senator Iverson, on the same occasion, stated that he could not indorse the views put forth by Mr. Stephens, of his State, in favor of the reopening of the slave trade. He thought it dangerous to stand upon such a platform, and yet, it was plain to see, that *at heart* he favored it, and could not refrain occasionally from defending Mr. Stephens and his doctrine. He further stated that it was very certain that a large majority of the people (the poor non-slaveholding whites) of Georgia favored the reopening of the slave trade, but that the slave-owners, *who had the controlling power* in the State and the South, strongly opposed it, and hence such a measure could not successfully be carried through."

We now give place to the following despatch to the Associated Press of New York, merely observing that we have no confidence whatever in the professions of a desire on the part of the Administration to stop the importation of slaves from Africa. The President no doubt desires, for political reasons, to make the people of the North believe that he is seeking in good faith to enforce the laws, but his demonstrations, we believe, will turn out to be only a sham, a new illustration of the art "*how NOT to do it.*"

WASHINGTON, Monday, Aug. 22, 1859.

The Administration has bestowed upon the subject of the African slave trade its earnest attention, and, with a view of suppressing as far as possible the traffic, has initiated measures more efficient and extensive than ever before for that purpose.

The squadron for the coast of Africa, as arranged by the Secretary of the Navy, will consist of the following-named vessels: The steamers Mystic Sumpter, San Jacinto, and Mobican, and the sloop-of-war Constellation (the flag ship), Portsmouth, Marion, and Vincennes. The most efficient officers are assigned to their command. Those of the steamers Mystic and Sumpter are, respectively, Lieutenant W. E. LeRoy, and Lieutenant G. F. Armstrong. These gentlemen were, at their own request, ordered to this service. Their vessels being of light draught, can penetrate waters too shallow for those which have hitherto been on that coast, beside having the advantage of steam. Hence slavers will be more closely pursued.

The joint treaty with England requires that the United States shall keep on the Algerian coast a force of eighty guns, but by the recent arrangement on the part of the Administration the number of our guns will be one hundred and sixteen.

Mr. Birney, who succeeds Mr. Morse as Naval Store-Keeper, went out in the Constellation, with instructions to remove the Naval depot for the African squadron from Porto Prayo to San Paul de Lando, which is three hundred and thirty six miles south of the Congo river, or about twenty-five hundred miles distant from Porto Praya. This new depot will, consequently, be much nearer than the former to the principal points of traffic on the coast, and will, in a great measure, obviate the necessity of long cruises.

On our own coast, too, there is to be an efficient naval force, composed of the steamers Crusader, Lieutenant Maffit; the Mohawk, Lieutenant Craven; Wyandotte, Lieutenant Stanley; and the Fulton, Commander G. G. Williamson. They are to cruise in the neighborhood of Cuba, for the purpose of capturing any slavers which may by their expertness escape the vigilance of our naval police on the African coast.

These arrangements will soon go into full operation, and the Secretary of the Navy is now hurrying the preparation of such of the vessels as are yet in port for this important service.

THE CRUSHING-OUT PROCESS IN OHIO.

CHERRY VALLEY, Ohio, Aug. 3, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: For the last six or seven weeks I have been lecturing on the subject of slavery in the northern Counties of this State. These lectures have been mostly among the country people; and, notwithstanding the shortness of the evenings, and the harvest season of the year, have been well attended, and the audiences have, without exception, manifested a deep interest in the question as presented. I think the *people* of the Western Reserve are now in a more impressible state of mind in reference to radical, practical anti-slavery than I have ever before known them. They are disheartened with the failure of their cunningly-devised experiments at political compromising, and willing to listen to the suggestion that there may be a more excellent way. Not so, however, with those who are seeking office. They are striving to secure it by bringing the anti-slavery men of the State down to the low level of the most unprincipled persons attached to their parties. We are now witnessing, and are destined to witness, still other most humiliating labors of this sort, during the present political campaign; and some of them performed by persons from whom we looked for better things. It must inevitably be so, for the position and platforms of the parties are such, that frank and honorable efforts will do little to give them success with the intelligent and honest.

The subject of my addresses has been, mainly, the importance of *emancipation in Ohio*. Emancipation from negro-hating, slaveholding, slave-hunting and slave-rendition. I have urged the people to take the most thorough measures to secure the most radical results. I have met with hearty responses in approval, from all my audiences. The people of this part of the State, who are not sufficiently shameless to occupy the position of members of the Democratic party, or the equally pernicious and disgraceful one of pro-slavery church-members, are ready, of their own will and purpose, to sign petitions, vote, and otherwise act decidedly against all slave rendition, whether enforced by law or by the Constitution, by the National or State government. Thus far they are insurrectionists against the American Union, and on the side of the Governor of the universe. And yet, I have little doubt, that the great mass of this class are this Fall to be betrayed or cajoled into practical loyalty to slavery. This treason against Heaven is to be brought about in this wise.

The leading men who direct the affairs and attempt to control the destiny of the Republican party are deeply impressed with the conviction, that the success of the party is the great desideratum of the age; that the election of Gov. Chase to the United States Senate, in place of Senator Pugh, is of more importance than the supremacy of the God of Justice; that the laws which the Republican party proposes to enact in Congress and the Ohio Legislature will be vastly preferable to the moral law. Hence, for the sake of party success, they have no hesitation in suspending this moral law, and proclaiming an interregnum in this part of the universe till after the first Tuesday in October next. Possibly this startling policy is adopted out of respect to the famous "Monroe doctrine," which, I believe, prohibits the interference of *any foreign* power with American affairs. But even if it were in contravention of this higher (American) law, it would doubtless be justified by the fact, that in no other way can a majority of Republican votes be secured. For it should be known to the good people who read THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, that while a considerable majority of the people of the northern part of the State are anti-slavery in their sentiment and purpose, very many in the south, who are called Republicans, have a hearty sympathy with their Democratic brethren in negro-hating and negro-hunting. Indeed, numbers of them agree with that distinguished "Black Republican," Hon. Thomas Corwin, who dates his republican principles "forty years" back, and who "would now bring to the block every man who would not obey the Fugitive law, if it were so written in that law." So he informed his constituents, at a meeting recently held to advise them of his opinions on this subject. The Republican papers, which report the speech, add the information, that Mr. Corwin's audience agreed with him in opinion in regard to the proper penalty to be inflicted on all contemners of the Fugitive Slave law.

Now it is necessary to the success of the Republican party, that this Honorable executioner, and the men he proposes to decapitate, should vote the same ticket next October. That ticket has been arranged to the entire satisfaction of the executioners, and of course, the to-be-beheaded fraction of the party must be brought gracefully to submit to vote it before they die. To secure this result is a somewhat difficult and delicate job. For, though Judge Swan has told us that he would send himself to jail, if, in an unguarded moment, he should violate this law, yet the people seem hardly equal to the martyr-virtue of voluntarily placing their necks upon the block. The spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak. But drill-sergeants of distinguished ability, of long experience, and, what is more indispensable, anti-slavery reputation, are at work, and it is to be presumed that, to a considerable extent, they will succeed, judging from their past success. It is proper, however, to say, that many publicly declare that they will submit to no such martyrdom. We shall see whether their pluck will ooze out from their fingers' ends, on election day, in the shape of a ballot for Gholson. Had some of our distinguished Republicans consulted their self-respect sufficiently to have led in an insurrection against the trickery and dictation of the slave-hunting wing of the party, they would have drawn after them a host from the north and many from the south of the State. But since these leaders have chosen to curse their kidnapping and murderous associates with eloquent words of anti-slavery truth, and bless them by their electioneering acts and by their votes, the probability is, that the deceived and confiding mass of anti-slavery Republicans will follow instructions, while a few of the more thinking and conscientious will stay away from the polls.

This statement, Mr. Editor, may perhaps inform you why it is that Ohio is so tamely submissive to the will of kidnappers; for, as I have before informed you, they are our governors, and their will is our law. As an illustration of this, the facts you have published regarding the imprisonment and release of our Oberlin fellow-citizens are in point. They were imprisoned at the suggestion of Kentucky kidnappers, and, at the suggestion of these same potential patriots, they were released on Kentucky terms, viz.: an exchange of prisoners—*four* kidnappers for a dozen Yankee rescuers! And this swap, I am sorry to inform you, of *three* Abolitionists for *one* kidnapper, is chronicled by all our Republican papers as a "glorious victory" of freedom! I may add, on the other hand, that, in passing over the country, I find many persons who do not print newspapers, who curl their lips in scorn at the idea that this evidence of humiliation is a "victory." Heartily do I rejoice that our brethren are at liberty. But their fidelity and suffering deserved a more honorable release, and such an one they might have had, but for the compromising, trafficking spirit of the Republican party; its trafficking of human rights and moral obligations for party success.

This state of things it is, which, as I have said, renders them just now impressible. They somewhat feel their humiliating condition, but yet lack the courage to take the safer and nobler one, that of no union with slaveholders. But as their masters press them deeper down and nearer to the slave's level, the more are they becoming inclined to take part with him against their common oppressors. And this, I apprehend, if any, is to be the effective instrumentality of converting to practical abolitionism the mass of this selfish, heartless generation. But, on this account will not the wise and the good the less labor; for this labor will not be without glorious results to all, as in the past. To the worker it is the savior for the present and the time to come. Yours, A.

LETTER FROM STEPHEN S. FOSTER.

WORCESTER, August 21, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

As I am *virtually* excluded from the advocacy and defense of my anti-slavery theories and policy in the columns of your paper, will you be kind enough to allow me sufficient space simply to say to your readers that I do not admit the correctness of your representation of them, or of that given by your foreign correspondent, H. M. To criticism, however searching or caustic, I do not object, but, rather, have always courted it as a necessary and essential safeguard against error; but criticism should be particularly careful of the accuracy of its facts. Misrepresentation, although, as in this case, unintentional, cannot fail, in the end, to injure the cause it is intended to promote. STEPHEN S. FOSTER.

"*Virtually* excluded." These words, as employed above by Mr. Foster, are not free from obscurity; but, as he never sent us a line that was not promptly printed, we cannot suppose they involve an allusion to any word or act of ours. Perhaps he means only that he is restrained, by a magnanimous deference to the feelings and the judgment of a large number, if not the majority, of his associates, from transferring to our columns a controversy which, upon the platform, they have thought alike disagreeable and unprofitable. We should be the more ready to adopt this interpretation, if we were sure it was the right one, because we think it would be creditable to Mr. Foster's good sense. But, whatever may be his meaning, he knows right well that no man who thought himself misrepresented, whether designedly or otherwise, in these columns, was ever denied a fair opportunity for explanation and defence. On *this* point our practice will continue to be, as it has hitherto been, in perfect accordance with the law of right. In admitting that there has been no intentional misrepresentation of him in these columns he is simply just.—*Ed. Standard.*

*REPLY TO THE PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.**

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE season is close at hand when the tide of politics must naturally ebb and flow; and the editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, and men of like stripe, think it their duty to begin to beat the old tattoo of Colonization and Negro-hate, in order to prepare the public mind for the coming elections. But, if they drive us darkies all off to Africa, I don't know where they and their party will get black ponies to ride into power on. But I want you to tell the editor aforesaid for me, that he may as well save his ink and paper, and give himself no trouble about us darkies, for we are not going to Africa. We have no more claim on Africa than he has; that country belongs to the Africans, and not to us. We are Americans; this is our country, and we have no claim on any other. There may be many colored adventurers who will go to Africa, as there are some now going to California, Australia, Frazer River, and elsewhere, in search of wealth; but the masses will stay here. The Anglo-Saxons planted us here, without our wish or consent, and God has sent the early and latter rains on us, and we have taken root and have grown and multiplied here; and now we have no wish or intention to leave our native soil. Here we were born, and here we intend to die. Tell him there will be millions of our descendants here when he and his present sentiments will be numbered amongst the things that were. There will be multitudes of them here when Gabriel blows the trump for Judgment, for we are destined to spread, with those that planted us here, from sea to sea and from the rivers to the ends of this Continent, and to live in all the States on it, both in the present Union and out of the Union; and we will make a large number of the inhabitants of America when his name and sentiments shall have perished with his body. The problem that perplexes the gentleman is, to know what is to be done with us. I think if he would look over the decision of the Baltimore Convention, which was got up especially for the benefit of free negroes, he might gain some light on the subject; and if really he does want to know, and will only have patience to wait until Colonization hate has died out, as die out it will, and universal Emancipation has come in, as come it will, he will see that the blacks will dispose of and take care of themselves, which they are doing now without his help and in spite of his ado. It would be a waste of time to attempt to refute all the false charges made by the gentleman; they are plain enough to the observation of every reflecting individual. My only object is to inform the editor of the Philadelphia *North American* what we will and what we will not do. A COLORED AMERICAN.

*See STANDARD of August 13—pro-slavery column.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Henry Wilson has accepted an invitation to deliver a eulogy at Natick upon the late Hon. Horace Mann.

Moses D. Phillips, Senior partner in the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., (publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*), died at his residence in Brookline, a few days since.

The Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, Mass., appears to be the spontaneous choice of the friends of Antioch College as the successor of Horace Mann in the Presidency of that institution.

Phila O. Wilmarth, M.D., widow of the late Dr. Butler Wilmarth, who was killed in the Norwalk Railroad disaster, died recently at Hopedale, Mass. She was widely beloved.

John Ross, who was lately reëlected Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation, has held that position for thirty-one consecutive years. He is of mixed Indian and Caucasian blood.

The Charlottetown (Prince Edwards Island) papers of August 8, state that Miss Dix, the well known philanthropist, was then at that place, having made a tour of the Island, to ascertain the condition of the insane in that quarter.

Dickens is to be the lion of the Lyceum the coming season. He is engaged, it is said, to give sixty public readings in the United States, and to appear in the various characters which have proved so attractive on the other side of the water.

Samuel Philbrick, Esq., for many years the efficient Treasurer of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, has been compelled by ill health to resign the office. The Board of Managers, in accepting his resignation, paid a fitting tribute to him for his long and faithful services. Edmund Jackson, Esq., was chosen to fill the vacancy.

Dr. Cheever went to Trumansburg, N. Y., recently, to deliver an anti-slavery address in that place during the session of the East Genesee Methodist Conference. The anti-slavery men hoped that his influence would tend to strengthen their cause, and perhaps save them from defeat in the election of delegates to the General Conference of 1860; but in this they were disappointed, the compromise candidates being chosen. Dr. Cheever's address, however, is described as weighty and powerful.

The Rev. Samuel Aaron, long a resident of Norristown, Pa., has accepted a call as pastor of the Baptist Church in Mount Holly, N. J. The Norristown *Republican* says:

"It is the intention of Mr. A., and his son Charles E. Aaron, A.M., to open a boarding school in Mount Holly sometime during next month, called the 'West Jersey Institute.' They have been many years laboring amongst us, and have left their mark upon the morals of our town. Rum-selling had lifted its defiant head boldly and impudently for years in our midst, but when this champion of the temperance cause came to our town, he boarded the lion in his den, and now, with all our best people, rum-selling and rum-drinking are held to be wicked and disgraceful. But the hydra-headed enemy of mankind has reared his horrid crest again, and is now laying waste our fair heritage as before. Other good and noble objects also felt the life-giving power of his genius and benevolence. How often have we been charmed by addresses of beauty, eloquence and pathos, such as we ne'er shall hear again."

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis, has, we understand, prepared for publication, in a book form, a sketch of her Travels in the West Indies during the last winter. It cannot fail to be an interesting work, and we hope it may speedily find its way into print. Mrs. Gage intends, we learn, to spend a portion of the coming season in lecturing, and, for the information of her numerous friends among our readers, we copy the following from the Salem (O.) *Anti-Slavery Bugle*:

"We had a talk about

nor bad; it is the infancy of nations; it is precisely contrary to democracy; so that the comparisons established between Russia and the United States are utterly groundless and absurd. What are the prospects of this great nation, which one will rules and can bring in conflict with the rest of Europe, I shall examine another time.

Our Philadelphia Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16th.

ENGAGEMENTS in the lecturing field, and other causes not within my control, have occasioned the "silence" to which you refer on the part of your Philadelphia Correspondent. No harm has been done, however, for your paper always has its full complement of interesting and instructive reading. Indeed so admirable is your variety of editorial and selected matter, and foreign and domestic correspondence, that one feels a natural diffidence in coming before your readers without the certainty of having something interesting to say. When anything important turns up within my purview, I feel bound to let you hear from me; but when, as of late, there is nothing but the ordinary routine of our movement going on, I can allow a hiatus to occur in my correspondence, without much compunction.

Among my lecturing excursions this summer was one into the "back-woods" of Elk County, of which I had intended to give you some account; but I had not leisure at the time, and now its incidents have lost all their freshness. For the benefit, however, of such of your readers as it may particularly concern, I will try to recall some of the chief facts.

I left this city on the night of the 1st of July, going by the Pennsylvania railroad as far as Lewistown. Exhausted by a hard day's work, and anticipating a fatiguing ride the next day over the mountains, I was glad to learn from the conductor, that I could have a berth, if I chose, in the "sleeping car." I did so choose, and had a capital night's rest. I had heard of this new convenience for travellers, but had never before had occasion to witness its operation or test its value.

The sleeping car looks very much like any other car in the train; the chief apparent difference being that, before each seat, is a sort of cushioned desk, the object of which, at first sight, is not obvious. When the time comes to retire—that is, when the conductor has gone his rounds, and the train is fully under weigh—*presto!* the whole interior of the vehicle is metamorphosed. Seats are turned over; backs are let down; cushioned desks are put in apposition with cushioned benches; pillows and blankets disclose themselves; curtains are revealed; you draw your boots and give them to the waiter; doff your coat and jacket, and nothing remains to do but turn in and compose yourself to sleep. This, judging from my own experience, is not difficult. Rocked in such a cradle, and soothed by the echoes of its roaring motion' slumber comes without much courting.

I was awakened at daylight by notice that we were approaching Lewistown. Here I stopped for breakfast, and took the stage for Bellefonte. The road lay over a series of mountains. Though picturesque, it was tedious, so much so that though the distance was but 32 miles, it took us all day to get to the end of it. Arrived at Bellefonte, we found the town in deep gloom, produced by a melancholy casualty that had occurred the day previous. Hon. James Burnside, Presiding Judge of the Court in that District, had been thrown from his carriage and instantly killed. Judge Burnside had been a class-mate of mine at college, and was the only person then in the place with whom I was acquainted. It was Saturday evening, and I was obliged to stop over till Monday, there being no stage or other opportunity of proceeding till that time. On Sunday morning, when the church bells rang, I went to Quaker meeting. Bellefonte is a Presbyterian town, but there is a small body of Orthodox Friends here, who maintain a place of meeting and assemble therein twice a week "for worship." They, or their fathers, were emigrants from Chester County, some thirty or forty years ago; they are, most of them, iron-masters or mill-owners, and people well-to-do in the world. The number collected on this occasion was small. Two discourses were delivered; one by a stranger on the floor of the meeting, and the other by a minister in the gallery. The former said he rose with much reluctance, being unwilling to obtrude himself where he might not be wanted; but he did not feel at liberty to suppress some thoughts which had suggested themselves and were demanding utterance. It was an anniversary season—the next day being the Fourth of July—when ear-pleasing priests and self-seeking politicians were wont to flatter the people with false eulogies of our political system and hypocritical boastings of our civil and religious institutions. It was a time when honest men were called to speak the truth; when those who loved their country and their kind, who feared God and hated coveteousness, were bound to cry aloud and spare not; to expose the hypocrisy of the people's pretensions and the wickedness and oppressions of their rulers. The speaker followed out this train of thought at some length. What he said was marked by moderation of manner and evident sincerity. He dwelt on the inconsistency of the people's practice with their professions. He called upon those who heard him to be true to their ancient testimonies, and raise the voice of protest against the iniquity which abounded. It was a duty we owed to the oppressor and the oppressed—to God and to our own souls. On this latter point he laid much stress. In no way could we better promote our own spiritual welfare. If we would work out our own salvation, we must seek the salvation of others. To do good was the surest means of getting good. Rightly to apprehend and faithfully to perform our duties on this great question of slavery, could not fail to redound to our highest good. It would enlarge our hearts, purify and elevate our affections, widen the scope of our spiritual virtues, and, in all respects, make us better men. With these and such like considerations he entreated his hearers to take their stand for the truth and contribute their part to the great work of freedom and righteousness now going on in the land. When he sat down, he was followed by the minister in the gallery, who, starting with a text from Paul, launched into a dissertation chiefly theological, the precise pertinency of which to the occasion was not apparent. If it had not been for the speaker's garb, and the peculiar intonation and phraseology which mark his sect, I might have fancied myself listening to a discourse from an Old School Presbyterian. The unction with which he sneered at "our own filthy righteousness" (improving on the figure of the prophet) would have done credit to the sturdiest disciple of ancient Calvinism. The veteran who for fifty years has been dispensing the tenets of this faith in the town of the "beautiful fountains," could not have done the thing with better effect.

As I said, the precise object of the discourse was not apparent. Whether it was to draw the minds of the audience as far as possible from the subject that had been presented by the stranger, or whether he fancied he discovered a latent heresy lurking under the exhortation to the people to work out their own salvation by laboring for the overthrow of oppression, I had no sure means of determining. As it was, it was a pretty effectual wet blanket to any little ardor of feeling that may have been kindled by the appeal in behalf of the slave.

In the afternoon, I joined in the funeral procession that followed to the grave the remains of Judge Burnside. The usual funeral rites were performed at the grave, concluding with the singularly inappropriate hymn,

"I would not live alway, I ask not to stay."

In the evening I attended the Presbyterian Church. The veteran above alluded to, is the minister, but on this occasion the preacher was a stranger from "Jersey Shore." The drift of his discourse was to magnify the doctrines of divine grace, which he sought to do by disparaging the prerogatives of human reason. There was a good deal of rhetorical ability in the sermon, which, to a people already convinced, served all the purpose of argument. But on the subject of the great iniquity of the land, the Presbyterian was as silent as the Quaker. A description of both will be found in Isaiah, 56th chapter and 10th verse.

I had been in Bellefonte once before—19 years ago. Lecturing through Centre County, of which it is the seat of Jurtice, I was desired by some friends (Hicksite Quakers) living within a few miles distance, to deliver an address in the town. I consented, and the Court House was procured for the purpose; but, when the time came for the meeting, we found ourselves shut out, on the allegation that there would be a disturbance. It was proposed that I should speak outside the court-house, in the open air. It being moon-light, and the weather warm, I consented to do so. But the sanction given to the spirit of rowdyism by our exclusion from the building had its natural effect. My speech was made amidst a din of confusion, and under a hail storm of eggs and other missiles, hurled from a distance. It was a wanton outrage, without provocation, and inexcusable. Judge Burnside (the father of the Judge just deceased) and Judge Woodward, who were cognizant of what was going on, were heard to say nothing against it. The Quaker minister before referred to had no public testimony to bear on the subject, and the Presbyterian preacher said not a word. It was only an advocate of abolition, mobbed for preaching against slavery and in favor of impartial freedom!

Since then it is said that Bellefonte has undergone a change for the better. Politicians have taken up the subject which the priests refused to touch, and now, under the teachings of men who make no professions of Christianity, a more liberal and humane feeling has begun to prevail. Outside the town, and through the country, I know the anti-slavery cause has some unwavering advocates, and it was a matter of much regret to me at this time that I could not visit them.

On Monday, the same being the Fourth of July, I resumed my journey toward Elk County. My way lay across the Alleghany Mountain, and the whole day was spent in reaching Karthaus, a village at the opposite foot, on the Susquehanna. We arrived there in time to find a gathering of people who had assembled to commemorate the day, and whom I addressed on the subject of slavery—distributing among them suitable tracts and other publications. Another day's journey was needed to put me at the place of my destination, but I was here estopped. The tri-weekly post had been discontinued, and there would be no stage till Thursday! But I was under appointment to be in Ridgeway on Wednesday. How was this to be accomplished? To get there I would have to traverse a wilderness, 22 miles in breadth, with but a single habitation on the road. I tried to procure a conveyance across, but found it impossible. The people were not to be induced by love or money. They were farmers, and were under a panic occasioned by the late severe frosts. Their wheat, corn, grass, fruit and every green thing had been frozen, and their only reliance against starvation was their buckwheat crop. The seed must now be sown in increased quantities, and every man and horse was needed for the purpose. "I am sorry," said Mr. Reiter, mine host, a kind hearted man, "but if you were to offer me twenty-five dollars, I could not spare you a horse at this time." I was fortunate enough, however, to find a man whose necessities were not so pressing, and who was persuaded to loan me a horse on my promise to return it by the stage that would be coming the next day. I had a lonely but not unpleasant ride through the bleak barrens and deep Pine forest, which constitute what is called "the wilderness." I stopped at the half-way house, which is kept by a host who seems to be half hermit and half hunter; baited my horse; saw a fresh skin of a bear which the keeper of the house had lately caught in a trap; resumed my journey, and "came out," as the phrase is here applied to the wilderness, in time to take the stage which passes near Caledonia from Clearfield to Ridgeway. How I got on after that has been sufficiently told in the Extract from my "private letter," published some weeks ago in THE STANDARD. I had good meetings in Ridgeway, Winslow, Lockhaven and Lewisburg. I met many old friends and made some new ones. On the whole, I think the excursion was a tolerably successful one.

Since my return, I have been attending meetings, chiefly on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, in the neighborhood of this city. At most of these meetings, as well as at some others appointed especially for her, Mrs. Mott has been a Speaker. At Newtown Hall we had a meeting which was so crowded that part of the audience had to stand out of doors. Mrs. Mott, Robert Purvis and J. M. McKim were the speakers. At Mullica Hill, N. J., a large meeting was held in the woods, which was addressed by Joseph A. Dugdale, J. M. McKim and Edwin H. Coates. Friend Coates and John W. Hazleton, his coadjutor, are doing a good work in that part of New Jersey. At Thompson's Island, in Bucks County, ten days ago, there was an immense meeting in the woods, the effect of which is well spoken of. M. B. Linton, Lucretia Mott, James Thompson (of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society), Edwin H. Coates and J. M. McKim were the speakers, and last Saturday and Sunday another woods meeting was held on the property of M. B. Linton, which was addressed by Mr. Gilbert of New York, E. M. Davis, Robt. Purvis and J. M. McKim. Mr. Gilbert is a New York lawyer, and a member of Dr. Cheever's Church. The people were much pleased with his speaking and his spirit. Next Saturday and Sunday meetings are to be held in New Garden, got up by the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society. Mrs. Mott is now in that region with a view of being at meetings appointed for her along and inside of the Maryland line. Arrangements are in progress for a Mass Meeting in Grubb's woods, East Coventry, on the 3d and 4th of September, which is intended to be an immense affair.

So you see that though we don't say much about it in the newspapers, perhaps not as much as we ought, we are not idle. We want to be able to give a good account of ourselves at our State meeting, which, by the way, is to assemble at West Chester during the first week in October. You shall hear from me, however, perhaps frequently, before that time. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A pretty little volume of poems has just appeared under the imprimatur of George H. Whitney, Providence, R. I., one of which we select, as sure to receive great admiration. The author is Mrs. BROOKS (of Massachusetts, we believe); and the whole volume shows a like pious and poetical feeling; and though the following seems to us the best poem in the book, others might find many more as meritorious.

SENDING FOR GOD.

THREE summers fair have sprinkled lightly
Thy golden clusters, baby Bertie;
(And mine have paled and grown unsightly,
In frosty winters—more than thirty).

Though scant the wisdom Time hath brought thee,
Oft-times I choose thee for my teacher;
Such pretty lore have angels taught thee—
My dimpled, sunny haired lay-preacher!

But yesterday, thy large eyes glistening,
And rounded with unearthly wonder,
I marked thee with a child's faith listening
To story dire as midnight Thunder.

A weird tale of a wood enchanted,
Where green-eyed snakes coiled in the grasses,
And never ray of sunlight slanted
The awful dragon-guarded passes!

Behind—a Geni tall as steeple;
Before—a Geni fiercer, taller;
And sidewise peered uncanny people,
As fierce as they (though somewhat smaller).

And thou (thus naughty brother told thee),
Alone, must let these shades embower thee,
Where lions, mighty-pawed to hold thee,
Waited expressly to devour thee.

Ah, horrors that had staggered Nero!
I saw thy pretty red lip quiver,
As hopelessly the baby-hero
Succumbed in one great sobbing shiver!

And then, transfigured quick before me,
Thou stoodst a martyrs stand, undaunted,
In minsters niched, with golden glory
From crimson sunsets softly slanted—

And spake this wise (scared babe no longer),
With small feet pressing firm the sod,
And calmed eyes lifted to the stronger—
"Then, brudder, *I shall send for Dod.*"

Ah, darling! in my life-road weary,
Lies many a lonely wood enchanted,
Where I must walk, dismayed and dreary,
By fierce uncanniest creatures haunted.

When thick they crowd the path *behind* me,
And thicker crowd the path untrod,
Of thy sweet baby-faith I'll mind me,
And firmly leaning skyward, "*send for God.*"

We wish the last line had briefly and simply been—"And looking skyward, '*send for God,*'"—but perhaps the suggestion savors of hypercriticism.

BLACKWOOD for August (L. Scott & Co.'s Reprint) contains the following papers:

London Exhibitions—Conflicts of the Schools.
The Luck of Ladysmere—Part VI.
Lord Macaulay and the Highlands of Scotland.
Leaders of the Reformation.
Felicita—Part I.
The Master of Sinclair's Narrative of the '15.
The Haunted and the Haunters; or, the House and the Brain.
The Peace—what is it?

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July (L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street) contains several articles of great value, and among them one on "Jowett and the Broad Church" (no allusion here to the weak plagiarism of Dr. Bellows), which we earnestly commend to our readers as full of thoughts, remarks, explanations, criticisms and suggestions of profound interest at the present moment.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September opens with an admirable disquisition on the Life of Ary Scheffer. "A Visit to Martha's Vineyard" gives us glimpses of a people quite unique in their opinions, manners and ways of living. "The Murder of the Innocents" is the title of a paper by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in which the felicitous author exposes the follies of our fashionable Female Boarding Schools, and utters much wholesome truth on the subject of Education in general. Mrs. Howe's "Trip to Cuba" is continued, and "Zelma's Vow," by Grace Greenwood (begun in the July number), is concluded. "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" is sharp and entertaining as usual, while the new chapters of "The Minister's Wooing" will serve to confirm the general judgment that this latest of Mrs. Stowe's works is her best.

MEETINGS AT MULLICA HILL, N. J.

MULLICA HILL, N. J., Eighth mo. 4th, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

HAVING seen a notice in your columns of a meeting to be held at this place on the 30th of the past month, I thought some account of the meeting, which was held at the appointed time, might be acceptable to your readers.

At 10 1-2 o'clock, a. m., the meeting was called to order by EDWIN H. COATES, and STACY HAZELTON, a venerable reformer of this place, appointed chairman.

The "Mullica Hill Brass Band" discoursed some of their choice pieces to the great satisfaction of the assembly. This Band has not been organized more than seven months, and has taken but seven lessons under Prof. Baily; yet their performances called forth a general remark of praise from the many lovers of good music that were in attendance.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, of Chester Co., Pa., being introduced by the Chairman, gave one of his admirable discourses, suited to the capacity of children, that was listened to by the large assembly with pleasure and profit. After further music by the Band, the meeting adjourned until 2 o'clock, to partake of dinner, served in pic-nic style. The meal being finished, the music again summoned us to the stand, to hear from the speakers something to strengthen the inner man. J. MILLER MCKIM, of Philadelphia, was called upon, and gave us one of his best Anti-Slavery speeches. Those who have heard our friend speak under favorable circumstances can form some idea of his masterly effort.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE and THOMAS GARRETT, of Delaware, both gave interesting addresses, which were received by the multitude present with evident approbation. The whole passed off in a most satisfactory manner. The next day JOSEPH A. DUGDALE and THOMAS GARRETT spoke in the grove with such effect that most of those present felt the tears streaming down their cheeks. It was a good meeting, and will, as all such meetings do, have a good effect.

B. H. C.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.—The hopes indulged by the earnest anti-slavery men in this Church of being able to procure the enactment, by the next General Conference, of a rule excluding slaveholders from fellowship, are, we think, quite certain to be disappointed. Dr. Hosmer, Mr. Mattison and others have directed all their energies for the past three years to the attainment of this object, and they have had, until quite recently, strong hopes of success. Dr. Hosmer, editor of *The Northern Independent* and the acknowledged leader of the movement, has, we observe, failed of an election as delegate to the General Conference, Dr. Hibbard, the editor of the pro-slavery *Northern Christian Advocate*, being elected in his stead. This result must be as mortifying as it certainly is disastrous in its effects upon the anti-slavery party. Committed against secession, that party will, after the General Conference adjourns, have no alternative but to submit, with as good a grace as they can, to some shameful compromise which the pro-slavery tricksters are now engaged in concocting. This is what usually comes of staying in a pro-slavery Church in order to reform it, when self-respect, consistency and the love of Christ alike require that men should separate themselves therefrom.

The *Springfield Republican* says: "Wendell Phillips's letter to Mrs. Stowe, on her dinner at the Revere House, Boston, is not published yet."

The *Republican*, in its eagerness to cast a stone at Mr. Phillips, remembers to forget that Mrs. Stowe accepted the honor of a dinner from the *Atlantic Club*, on the express stipulation that wine should be excluded from the table.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY

SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON,
1860.

IN a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous coöperation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
SARAH P. REMOND,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA APTHORP,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

WE ask the particular attention of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to the following new series of tracts, just issued by the AMERICAN and MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES. They afford an excellent opportunity and means of aiding the cause, and of disseminating its great truths and principles. A little money expended in them may be made to accomplish a great good. These tracts may all be had at the following low prices: by the *hundred*, $2; *dozen*, 30 cts.; *single*, 3 cts. Apply at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston, and 138 Nassau street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. Reported for *The Tribune*.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, before the Committee on Federal Relations, of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the Petition for a Law against Slave-hunting.

NO FETTERS IN THE BAY STATE. Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, on the same occasion.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—"No Slave-hunting in the Old Bay State."

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY, Missionary to Barbadoes, on the Results of Emancipation in the British West India Colonies.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. By C. K. W.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON. By C. K. W.

MRS. DIETZ'S SCHOOL.—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, of Mrs. Dietz's French and English Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. Her references, it will be seen, are such as may well inspire confidence in her qualifications for conducting such a school.

Summary.

It is now stated that the project of erecting a new Plymouth Church in Brooklyn for Henry Ward Beecher has been abandoned, and that the Trustees have decided to enlarge the present edifice.

It is said that a book, including his personal and political reminiscences, is in preparation by Captain Isaiah Rynders. If complete, such a work would possess a peculiar interest.

The *Revue Spirite* of Paris states that a despatch has been received from Humboldt informing his friends that he was welcomed into the spirit world by his friend M. Arago, who was the first to take him by the hand.

One Dr. James Irvin Boyd writes from South Carolina to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, expressly to assure the Democracy of Wisconsin that Nothern delegates to the Charleston Convention will not be shot down by infuriated Southerners immediately upon making their appearance. Moreover, Dr. Boyd asserts that the better class of men in South Carolina are not in favor of secession.

Another Fugitive Slave case is reported to have been among the incidents which occurred here and in Putnam a day or two since. The hunters were from Parkersburg, Virginia, but the game had got to cover before they arrived—in the language of Cuffee, "dis was good for de wood-chuck, but bad for de dog."—*Zanesville (O.) Courier.*

The *Mississippian* says that the agitation in favor of the repeal of the slave trade law is confined to no political party nor class of our citizens, but is fast becoming the popular sentiment of the Southern people. "The sooner," it adds, "our Northern fellow-citizens are convinced of the fact, and make up their minds to accede to our just demand, the better for the peace and prosperity of our political union."

An affecting reunion of a slave mother and daughter took place in Washington on Wednesday. They had been separated many years. The daughter had come from her master in Tennessee, provided by him with money and other necessaries, to find the old woman. This she did. The mother, in rags and misery, too old to work, will have solace for her declining years.

The Hon. John Forsyth, editor of the *Mobile Register*, lately Mr. Buchanan's Minister in Mexico, but now an enemy of the President, has just been elected to the Legislature of Alabama, on the Douglas platform. He is returned at the very head of the ticket. Mr. Forsyth favors the re-opening of the slave trade.

James C. Pratt, in a communication to the *St. Paul Times*, says: "I was at Yellow Medicine during the recent payment of the Upper Sioux. About one hundred of the red men were sheared, and dressed in the apparel of white men. Previous to the operation, Superintendent Cullen addressed them through an interpreter, and stated that he wished to have them vote at the next election, *and vote the Democratic ticket!*"

Joseph S. Tillinghast, a New Bedford Quaker, visited the huge Methodist camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard a day or two ago, gathered all the children together under the shade of a big tree, made them an address, and then distributed upwards of four hundred juvenile books among them. One of the Massachusetts newspapers calls this "a most gratifying evidence of the possession of a true spirit of genuine Christianity."

THE NEW BEDFORD SLAVER CASE.—The process by which the ship Atlantic, of New Bedford, was seized as a slaver on the 21st of July last, was made returnable at the United States District Court to-day. Only a nominal return, however, was made, as Judge Sprague is at his country residence in Baverly. On his return here a day will be assigned for a hearing in the matter.—*Boston Transcript, August* 13.

SLAVES RECAPTURED.—We learn from the *Duquoin* (Ill.) *Journal* that three slaves escaped from G. Vaughan of Ballard County, Ky., on the night of the 17th ult., crossed the Ohio near Caledonia, and proceeded thence to Carbondale, Jackson County, where they were overtaken by their master. Two of them were encountered in the public square, and were fired on as they attempted to escape; one was shot in the arm and the other in the side, and both were captured. The third man fled from town, and hid under a haystack near Duquoin, belonging to a man named Goodman, where he was discovered by the latter misnamed individual on a Sunday morning (24th), captured, and given up to his master.

SHOT HIS SERVANT.—A few nights since, Mr. W. C. Smedes, of Vicksburg, Miss., was aroused from sleep by some one moving stealthily along a passage in his house, and seizing a pistol he demanded who was there, threatening to shoot unless he received a reply. No reply being given he did shoot, severely wounding a servant woman who had lived in the family about a year. She had been poaching in the pantry, and was loaded with bottles of wine, preserved fruits, etc., which she was about to take away from the house, probably to some confederate outside.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says of the "items column" in the newspapers, that it "is worth more than all the small fry of correspondents, with an editor thrown in to boot! Like a caravan, it stretches along in columns, with packages and parcels, spices and gems, bits of fragrance or cunningly wrought metals, gathered from the Orient and from the whole world besides. The items of the paper, like the stuffing of a Thanksgiving turkey, represent everything in the house, crusts of bread, crackers and all spices."

The *Baton Rouge Gazette* has the following:

"On the first trip down of that elegant packet, the Charmer, a man got on at Rodney, and took possession of a negro boy employed on the boat, whom he at once proceeded to tie with his hands behind him. In the process of tying, the man talked loud, and gave his language the polish of an occasional oath. The boy said he would sooner die than go with the man, to be treated as he had been, and soon after jumped into the river, and was drowned. The boat was under headway, and stopped a moment; but the negro did not rise."

WHITE FROST IN DOG DAYS.—We learn that this very unusual atmospherical visitation occurred last night upon the lower grounds of many localities in different directions. Among other places heard from, at Ashland, Mass., and Somersworth, N. H., the platforms around the depots were observed to be covered with a thick collection of hoar frost, and spots of it were plainly visible on most of the lines of railway at the North. It was thought, however, that little damage was done to crops, with the exception of some of the latest sown vegetables, which were, of course, "nipped in the bud" sufficiently to cause them to wilt under the succeeding sunshine. The frost was most fortunately not powerful enough to affect the corn crop.—*Boston Transcript, 18th.*

A son of Cassius M. Clay, while gunning recently, was bitten on the foot by some poisonous reptile, supposed to be a rattlesnake, and his body immediately exhibited all the symptoms of the most virulent poisoning; but he was dosed until stupefied with apple brandy, and the next morning was as well as ever. So confident was Mr. Clay of the efficacy of alcoholic spirits in all cases of poison by the bites of snakes and insects, that he did not even send for a physician. Saleratus was bound upon the bitten spot, until ammonia could be procured, when the former was moistened with it, this was upon the theory that poison is an acid, and only alkali will answer, though ammonia is thought to be the best.

A party of pleasure seekers from this State are journeying South in a novel manner, described by the Washington *Star* as follows: "A month ago, a party of eleven ladies and gentlemen of Buffalo, N. Y., started upon a pleasure trip to the South, taking a novel mode of travelling. They have a large coach like an omnibus in which they travel, and carry with them a tent sufficiently large to accommodate the entire company, and camp out much after the gipsy fashion, though in better style. They arrived near Bladensburgh a day or two ago, and pitched their tent near the toll-gate. Yesterday and to-day they have spent in visiting the public buildings and seeing the sights in the metropolis. It is the plan of the company to spend ten months in this trip, and they design to Winter at some point on the Gulf coast."

AN INTERESTING WORK.—Among the unpublished manuscripts of the late and much lamented Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, was one bearing the following unique and suggestive title: "Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders, or the Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician." It bears the marks of having been added to up to within a week of the decease of the venerable author. It may with propriety be called his Medical Autobiography, and is a work of quite remarkable character, being filled with facts and anecdotes of rare interest. It will doubtless have a large sale when published. We are informed that Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co. have the work in press, and will issue it at an early day.—*Boston Journal.*

SALE OF NEGROES—HIGH PRICES.—Twenty-eight negroes were sold on Tuesday last, at McDonough, in Henry County. The aggregate amount of the sales was $22 309, being an average of $796. We select the following from the list, as an evidence of the high prices paid: One boy, field hand, 18 years old, $1 640; three boys, 14 years old—one $1 440, one $1,282, another $1,207; two boys, 10 years old—one $902, the other $806; one seven years old $726; one woman, 23 years old, with three boys—one 5 years, one 3 years, and one 8 months, $1,995; one woman, 23 years old, with two children—3 years, and 18 months old, $2 305; seven girls sold at the following prices—one, 19 years old, $1,200; one, 15 years old, $1,023; one, 16 years, $1,100; one, 12 years, $400; one, seven years, $705; one, seven years, $778.—*Atlanta American.*

"THE OLD GUARD."—We regard the American Anti-Slavery Society as Napoleon did the "Old Guard." Its members, male and female, are steady, reliable people. The cause could not advance as it ought without them. They are to the movement what the north star is to the heavenly constellations that revolve around it as the axis. There is not a single regiment in the anti-slavery host that does not keep its eye fixed on the Garrisonians. However else we may disagree on the *quo modo*, there is perfect agreement on this, that courage, perseverance, and unfaltering faithfulness to the slave are characteristics of the Garrisonians. Among the newspapers we receive, THE STANDARD, as the organ of that Society, is the first we open. By its luminous teachings, consistent, and steady as the needle to the pole, we ascertain our longitude and latitude.—*Free Church Portfolio.*

AN ANCIENT ADVERTISEMENT.—The following advertisement was extracted from the Boston *Evening Post* of November 7th, 1748:

"Choice Pennsylvania Tobacco Paper to be sold by the publishers of this paper, at the Heart and Crown—where also may be had the BULLS or Indulgences of the present Pope Urban VIII., either by the single bull, quire or ream, at a much cheaper rate than they can be purchased of the *French* or *Spanish* priests, and yet will be warranted to be of the same advantage to the possessors."

These *bulls* or indulgences of the Pope were printed on one side of a small sheet; several bales of them were taken in a Spanish ship, captured by an English cruiser and sent into Boston. Fleet, the publisher of the *Post*, purchased a very large quantity, at a very low price, and printed various editions of ballads on the backs of them. One side of the sheet was blank, and the paper very good; one bull answered for two half-sheet ballads or songs, such as "Black Eyed Susan," &c.

AFRICAN COTTON.—The efforts of Thomas Clegg, and others, in England, to encourage the cultivation of Cotton in Africa, by the Colonists and the native population, appear, from various accounts, to be increasingly successful. In Liberia, cotton planting has become an object of great interest, and increased attention is given by the Colonists to agriculture generally. It has been stated that within the last six months more of the products of the soil have been exported from Liberia to Europe and America, than during the entire forty years of Liberia's previous history.

We learn from a letter placed in our hands by a friend, that a person in Boston has imported 4000 lbs. of African cotton, and is now manufacturing it into goods at a mill under his own charge. It is hoped that the articles when ready will be made available for the convenience of those who endeavor to avoid the use of the products of slavery.

At a recent meeting in Liverpool, it was stated that African cotton, from whatever part of the continent it comes, will sell in Liverpool or Manchester for two pence or three pence a pound more than the East India product, which indicates that the quality of African cotton is at least equal to that of the American.—*Friends' Review.*

ATTEMPT OF A SLAVE TO ESCAPE.—Yesterday morning Mr. M. Robbins missed one of his negroes, named John, from his shipyard across the river, and from certain suspicious circumstances he suspected that John was on board the schooner Geo. Harris, which vessel had left early in the morning for New York. Upon making his fears known, Mr. J. H. Flanner—there being no other mode of conveyance handy—fitted up his yacht Hiawatha, and taking Mr. Robbins, J. M. Stephenson, Esq., and some two or three others on board, started in pursuit of the schooner, and overhauled her some ten miles down the river, where she had gotton ashore. Upon boarding the schooner, and informing the captain that a negro was missing and supposed to be on board, he assisted in the search. On going into the "booby hatch" and looking around, Mr. Stephenson found a jacket and a bottle of water. With this evidence he was satisfied that the bird was caged, and calling for lights, the captain got a couple of lamps, and getting in with Mr. Stephenson, they soon found John stowed away amid the rosin barrels under the cabin floor. After taking him from his place of concealment and questioning him, John said he had been enticed off by two negro sailors named Bill and Tom, who had promised to hide him and carry him on to New York, and that he went on board and was hid by them shortly after nine o'clock the night previous. The party then arrested these two sailors and brought them back to town, and committed them to jail. A steamer had been despatched after the schooner to bring her back to town, when an examination will be had.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Herald, Aug.* 17.

FUN AND SOLEMNITY.—The Boston *Atlas* says: At Gen. Dana's Choate meeting at Charlestown, on Tuesday night, there were some novel proceedings. Mr. Whieldon introduced a very good series of resolutions, wherein Mr. Choate was duly set down as a Christian, without any of that hesitancy that seemed to distress Dr. Adams. Dr. A. R. Thompson made a very fervid speech in support thereof. In the course of it he said he met Mr. Choate one day in the street, and besought his assistance in the matter of a revolutionary matron. He agreed to the proposition advanced by the Doctor. But Dr. T. was afraid he would forget it, and so again asked him if he could quite rely on his active efforts. Then said the Doctor I received a reply so characteristic of the man—"*Dr. Thomson, I'll be d—d if I don't.*" We only allude to it as showing what novel reasoning some of our friends over the river indulge in. We are free to say it isn't the style we employ over this side when we want to make out a man an exemplary Christian. It is highly probable, however, that the Doctor must have misunderstood some portion of the incident he undertook to report. Mr. Choate was far from the habit of thus abruptly and coarsely resorting to such expressions. In his great wealth of language he never lacked for more expressive expletives and emphatics than those plain vulgarisms. So we advise the Doctor in his next eulogy to omit the story altogether, or to entirely revamp it.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—At Salem (Mass.) Baptist church on the 5th inst., Mr. Still, of Philadelphia, addressed an audience on the present condition and prospects of the underground railroad. He said that the road was liable to sad and frequent calamities, and that it had recently met with some obstructions, which might account for the few arrivals chronicled of late. Various instances were mentioned in which the road sustained serious damage. Among them was the account of the unfortunate Mr. Lee, who had aided five slaves in their escape over the underground railroad, for which he was tried, convicted and sentenced to twenty-five years in the Penitentiary. The speaker did not wish to impress on the minds of his hearers that the road was not doing a fair business, or that the Vigilance Committee had hung their harp on a willow. On the 4th of July last six fugitives from the southern shore of Maryland, with bitter hatred for slavery and bright hopes for Canada, passed along the road with through tickets. One had recently arrived at Philadelphia in a box so short that he could not lie his length; and, worst of all, arrived on Sunday morning, and it was with great difficulty that the box could be obtained, as no freight was usually delivered on Sunday. When that box was opened, freedom was given to one of the most grateful persons that ever escaped from bondage on the earth. Two females had also escaped in a similar manner—one in a trunk and the other in a dry goods box. On another occasion twenty-eight persons, at one time, had left the land of slavery, and under the smiles of freedom had found refuge at the North. One of ex-President Tyler's slaves, named James, had gone on his way North from Philadelphia rejoicing.

THE "DASHAWAY ASSOCIATION."—A San Francisco correspondent of the Cleveland *Herald* thus explains the origin of the celebrated Temperance League of California:

"A temperance movement has recently been started in this city, similar, in some respects, to the original Washingtonian episode at Baltimore. The original nineteen starters were *habitues* of an engine house, and members of the company that propelled the machine. They had been four or five days and nights on a frightful 'tear,' without going out of the house, when snakes and other 'insects' that usually follow such orgies began to appear. At length a dawn of reason reached one of the party, who was worm-eaten clean through, when he rose on his tottering legs, and nervously exclaimed, 'Boys, let's dash this d—d stuff away, and drink no more.' 'Agreed,' said three or four. 'I'm banged if I don't,' says another, and so on by degrees the whole nineteen came in and

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE FREEMEN OF THE NORTH.

WAKE, freemen of New England!
Ours are no times for sloth!
Stand up for Freedom—shout her name,
And wake the sleeping North!

The foes of man and manly rights
Anew our chains would bind;
And ne'er did Laocoon's vengeful snakes
Their folds more fiercely wind.

Awake, and, lifting high to heaven
Each free and strong right hand,
Vow, with Heaven's ready help, to drive
The pirates from our land.

Vow that no sail from northern shores,
And filled with Heaven's free breath,
Shall bear the Afric from his home
To torture, chains and death.

That ne'er shall keel by freemen forged
Pass on that bloody way,
That way accursed, where sharks obscene
Wait for their human prey.

Better that all-devouring fire
By every sail be fed,
And we, like primal man, demand
Of mother earth our bread.

Better the fabled Union break,
The fancied glory lose,
Better, perchance, e'en jeopardise
The sale of whips and shoes.

Fie! drop your chains—yes, chains, of links
So subtle none can see;
Arise, stand forth in heaven's own light,
As God has made you—*free!*

Now is the time, the day, the hour—
Search, till the man be shown,
The man who, for his country's good,
Can freely yield his own:

The man who, in the Saxon tongue,
Right, Wrong, Truth, Justice, knows;
But finds no sneaking *Compromise*,
That *bait* of Freedom's foes.

The man who, with unyielding grasp,
The helm will boldly seize,
And steer the foundering Ship of State
To calm and heaven-lit seas.

Then, with faith living, to the work
Let all your powers be given;
Press firmly on, with heads erect,
And leave the rest to Heaven.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. IV.

WHEN Madge left her father, she rode directly homewards, thinking but little of the proceedings of the previous night; for she was a happy spirit, no shadow having fallen upon her young life. Nothing had ever occurred to call forth her sympathies, and she believed that everybody was happy because she was so herself. 'Tis pleasant to meet with such characters—pleasant to know that there are those for whom even thought has no sadness! Pretty butterflies, with gilded wings, flitting safely along dangerous paths!

Madge forgot the book which had struck so powerfully upon her heart-strings—forgot the poor fugitives, and only rioted in a full sense of enjoyment. Her course lay through a beautiful wood, and along the track of a winding stream. She was quiet, and rode slowly along, taking in by spiritual draughts, the deep beauty of the scene! Nature has a voice and a charm for such simple, loving children, which she refuses to the too curious and impertinent. Madge did not seek to pry into strange secrets; she only listened, waited and admired; and so the charm worked well. Insensibly, she was growing, and learning of nature. The quiet woods, the bird melody-whispering winds, and sweetly-blowing flowers were weaving a charm for this child, who brought to their companionship a willing and a happy spirit. She grew like them, by the force and beauty of her own nature, taking no lessons of art, but living simply and naturally. She revolved in her mind the prospect of the promised trip to the Mammoth Cave, and determined to press the matter upon her mother's consideration.

As she reached a little swell in the road, which commanded a fine prospect, she halted and gazed around with a delighted eye. Far away in the distance were long slopes of verdure-covered earth, a variety of hill and dale, dotted here and there with a white farm-house, and at broken intervals she caught glances of the picturesque Green river which wound through the landscape like a strand of emerald and diamond.

"How lovely this is!" cried Madge, as she bent forward to pat and caress her pony. "This scene really inspires me. Only see it, Silk; why, how you prick your ears, as though you *smelt* the beauty. I see it with my eyes."

Madge was in the habit of talking to Silk and Rover as though they were fully capable of understanding her.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Silk? how you prick up your ears! Come, what is it?" and the young lady looked round inquiringly, as if to satisfy herself. "I am sure I see nothing in the direction of that thicket, and yet, Silk, you keep you eyes and ears turned there. Come, let's be off for home"; and, touching her riding whip to the neck of her pony, she galloped on.

Just then there was a motion of the grass and a haggard-looking thing—could it be a human head?—was lifted from the screen of brushwood, and a pair of wild, fearful eyes glared around, with an expression of curious wonder; then as suddenly withdrew itself to the friendly hiding-place.

Let us look into that dingle, and see who or what is hidden there. Step this way with me, obliging reader, and, as I pass the tangled brush-wood, divide the thick-growing leaves, and peer down into the long, damp grass, tell me what you see. What is that strange, haggard, half-clothed looking thing? Is it a wild beast, or has it the appearance of a human creature? Look again—closer—and tell me if it is not a woman. Forget your prejudice against a black complexion—forget those misshapen African features—overlook that worn and torn dress—and ask the wild, weird, witch-like thing what brings her here.

She will tell you that, for four days, she has not tasted food, save a few wild, half-poisonous berries, which she clutched at in her hurried flight through the woods. Look at those bruised and briar-torn limbs; see that nervous quiver and gasping breath at every uncertain sound in the forest. Ask her why she is here, and she will tell you that she is seeking liberty at the risk of starvation and death; that she was sold away from her husband, and all that was left her was such speed as laid in her limbs, and such ingenuity as belonged to her brain. Look at her as she crouches there under cover of the thicket, trembling at every sound, humble, poor, degraded, asking for no foot of ground, leaving you your money, your friends and your home; only begging for the right to her own body. Tell me, will you turn away and join hands with the agents of the law, drag this wretched woman from her hiding-place, and give her back to the man who dares to call her a slave? No, I am sure you will not. Were you even born a slaveholder and a believer in slave-owning, you would renounce the traditions and teachings of your life, forget sectional pride, false education, and say with me, "God speed the fugitive."

When Madge arrived at home, she was met at the gate of the avenue by Pomp, whose broad white teeth shone in a wide grin of welcome to his young mistress. He had some wonderful story to tell her of Rover. Madge listened with apparent interest, laughing at the funny parts, and expressing amazement at that which was meant to be marvellous.

"I tells yer, Miss Madge, as I went 'long through the big road, Rover he jist follow right arter me, an' he scream out jist like a boy ever time he see one of 'em critters."

"You didn't let him do anything cruel or ugly, Pomp, did you?"

"Oh, no, Miss—he never wants to; but he's a good dog at a fight; if any other dog makes at him, he is sure to pluck up an' give him a good fight."

"I don't object to that, and want him to have pluck."

"Yes, I knows, Miss Madge, dat yer never likes him to be beat. Yer wants him to whip."

"To be sure I do;" and, drawing her rein, she galoped up the avenue, leaped off the pony, and throwing the bridle to a groom, rushed into the house.

"Madge," said Mrs. Vertner, "where did you part from your father?"

"Ah, mamma, are you still poring over that book? I've had such a splendid ride! The air was so delicious, and, about a mile and a half from here, there is a glorious prospect; you ought to see it mamma."

"You have not yet answered my question."

"What was it, mamma?"

"I asked you where you left your papa."

"Oh, I parted from him at the village. You know he had some business to attend to; perhaps he will not return early."

"He expected to see the negro-catcher and have the runaways advertised; but surely, that would not require much time. I hope he will soon return, for I wish him to join us in our afternoon drive. It is outrageous for those negroes to give us so much trouble. I do hope your papa will conclude to sell them if they are caught."

"Do you think he will, mamma?" inquired Madge, as she laid aside her riding-hat.

"I shall persuade him to, for they will only give more trouble if they remain upon the place. Moreover, the effect of their example will be very bad upon the others."

Madge did not reply at once, she moved about the room, in a half-doubtful mood. At length, turning sharply round, facing her mother, she said:

"If the runaways are found, I shall ask papa not to sell them, but to forgive them, and allow them to remain at home."

"Why will you do this, Madge?" asked Mrs Vertner, in the same quiet tone of voice.

"Because I heard Milly say, last night, under my window, that she was afraid if they should be caught that papa would sell them down the river."

"You—heard—Milly—say—this—under—your—window—last—night?" Mrs. Vertner spoke slower than usual, making a pause at each word.

"Yes, mamma, that's what I said." Madge spoke carelessly.

"I can't believe the evidence of my ears! *You* heard this, Madge Vertner?"

"Certainly, mamma; Milly and Jack were speaking under my window at a late hour last night, planning their flight. I heard every word, and could have reported them."

"And why didn't you?" This time Mrs. Vertner spoke sharply.

"Because I didn't want to. I had been reading about Robinson and Josephs. My heart was touched, and I resolved not to be wicked and expose these poor runaways."

"Madge Vertner! have you been reading Uncle Tom's Cabin, and has it driven you mad?"

"No, mamma, I have not read Uncle Tom's Cabin, nor am I mad."

"Come, child, sit down beside me?"

Madge took the chair near her mother, and looked inquiringly in her face.

"My dear, do you know that you have been guilty of a very great wrong?"

The girl shook her head.

"You might have saved your father a great deal of money, which will have to be spent in order to get these slaves back."

"I hope they will not be caught, and papa need not spend his money unless he pursues them."

"But he *will* pursue them."

"Why?"

"For several reasons. In the first place, they are worth several thousand dollars, and he will desire to make them an example to others. If these succeed in getting off, the others will make the same attempt, and we should have a slave stampede, right off, in the neighborhood."

"Mamma, you said you would have let Josephs out of that prison jacket if it had cost you your life; my sympathy went a little farther. I couldn't do Josephs or Robinson service, so I showed mercy to Milly and Jack."

"The cases, my dear, are very dissimilar—Josephs and Robinson were ill-used, brutally-treated prisoners, while our slaves are kindly treated. Of course, my dear, you believe slavery to be right."

"Certainly, mamma, because the Bible teaches it; at least our minister says so"—answered Madge, with the sweetest naivete.

"And our servants are all well and kindly treated."

"Yes, mamma, I believe they are."

"Then why did you hesitate to expose Milly and Jack?"

"I don't know, dear mamma. I see fully the truth of your reasoning; yet, if the matter were to do over again, I am sure I should act the same way."

Mrs. Vertner looked pityingly upon her child, then, kissing the fair young brow, said,

"Madge, read your Bible and pray over this; then you will see it in the right light."

The library door stood ajar, and had Mrs. Vertner looked out into the hall, she might have seen Daniel's yellow face pressed close to the open door. He had been listening, aye, swallowing every word of that conversation. How his great eyes gleamed with wonder as he listened, and what an angel did "Miss Madge" seem to his simple heart! As she swept by him with the long train of her riding-habit dragging on the floor, and her plumed hat in her hand, he gazed after her with something like reverence; and the lips so true to the pulse of the heart broke out in a cordial, almost fervent, "Miss Madge." She looked round surprised and not displeased at the tone, and, smiling kindly, passed on to her room.

BALZAC'S METHOD.

From "All the Year Round."

WHEN he had once made up his mind to produce a new book, Balzac's first proceeding was to think it out thoroughly before he put pen to paper. He was not satisfied with possessing himself of the main idea only; he followed it mentally into its minutest ramifications, devoting to the process just that amount of patient hard labor and self-sacrifice which no inferior writer ever has the common sense or the courage to bestow on his work. With his note-book ready in his hand, Balzac studied his scenes and characters straight from life. General knowledge of what he wanted to describe was not enough for this determined realist. If he found himself in the least at fault, he would not hesitate to take a long journey merely to ensure truth to nature in describing the street of a country town, or in painting some minor peculiarity of rustic character. In Paris he was perpetually about the streets, perpetually penetrating into all classes of society, to study the human nature about him in its minutest varieties. Day by day, and week by week, his note-book and his brains were hard at work together, before he thought of sitting down to his desk to begin. When he had finally amassed his materials in this laborious manner, he at last retired to his study; and from that time, till his book had gone to press, society saw him no more.

His house-door was now closed to everybody, except the publisher and the printer; and his costume was changed to a loose white robe, of the sort which is worn by the Dominican monks. This singular writing-dress was fastened round the waist by a chain of Venetian gold, to which hung little pliers and scissors of the same precious metal. White Turkish trousers, and red-morocco slippers, embroidered with gold, covered his legs and feet. On the day when he sat down to his desk, the light of heaven was shut out, and he worked by the light of candles in superb silver sconces. Even letters were not allowed to reach him. They were all thrown, as they came, into a japan vase, and not opened, no matter how important they might be, till the work was all over. He rose to begin writing at two in the morning, continued, with extraordinary rapidity, till six; then took his bath, and stopped in it, thinking, for an hour or more. At eight o'clock his servant brought him up a cup of coffee. Before nine his publisher was admitted to carry away what he had done. From nine to noon he wrote on again, always at the top of his speed. At noon he breakfasted on eggs, with a glass of water and a second cup of coffee. From one o'clock to six he returned to work. At six he dined lightly, only allowing himself one glass of wine. From seven to eight he received his publisher again: and at eight o'clock he went to bed. This life he led, while he was writing his books, for two months together, without intermission. Its effect on his health was such that, when he appeared once more among his friends, he looked, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. Chance acquaintances would hardly have known him again.

It must not not be supposed that this life of resolute seclusion and fierce hard toil ended with the completion of the first draught of his manuscript. At the point where, in the instances of most men, the serious part of the work would have come to an end, it had only begun for Balzac. In spite of all the preliminary studying and thinking, when his pen had scrambled its way straight to the end of the book, the leaves were all turned back again, and the first manuscript was altered into a second with inconceivable patience and care. Innumerable corrections and interlinings, to begin with, led in the end to transpositions and expansions which metamorphosed the entire work. Happy thoughts were picked out of the beginning of the manuscript and inserted where they might have a better effect at the end. Others at the end would be moved to the beginning, or the middle. In one place, chapters would be expanded to three or four times their original length; in another, abridged to a few paragraphs; in a third, taken out altogether, or shifted to new positions. With all this mass of alterations in every page, the manuscript was at last ready for the printer. Even to the sharp experienced eyes in the printing-office, it was now all but illegible. The deciphering it, and setting it up in a moderately correct form, cost an amount of patience and pains which wearied out all the best men in the office, one after another, before the first series of proofs could be submitted to the author's eye. When these were at last complete, they were sent in on large slips, and the indefatigable Balzac immediately set to write or rewrite the whole book for the third time!

He now covered with fresh corrections, fresh alterations, fresh expansions of this passage, and fresh abridgments of that, not only the margins of the proofs all round, but even the little intervals of white space between the paragraphs. Lines crossing each other in indescribable confusion were supposed to show the bewildered printer the various places at which the multitude of new insertions were to be slipped in. Illegible as Balzac's original manuscripts were, his corrected proofs were more hopelessly puzzling still. The picked men in the office, to whom alone they could be entrusted, shuddered at the very name of Balzac, and relieved each other at intervals of an hour, beyond which time no one printer could be got to continue at work on the universally execrated and universally unintelligible proofs. The "revises"—that is to say, the proofs embodying the new alterations—were next pulled to pieces in their turn. Two, three, and sometimes four, separate sets of them were required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors; and he himself, described his process of work as a misfortune, to be the more deplored, because it was, in his case, an intellectual necessity. "I toil sixteen hours out of the twenty-four," he said, "over the elaboration of my unhappy style; and I am never satisfied, myself, when all is done."

AS GOD WILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper—As God will!
And in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow:
And yet I whisper—As God will:
And at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow:
And yet I whisper—As God will!
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me:
So I say, trusting—As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master-hand:
So I say, praying—As God will!
And hope in him, and suffer still.

MORMONISM AND THE MORMONS.

HORACE GREELEY'S INTERVIEW WITH BRIGHAM YOUNG.

From The Tribune.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, July 13, 1859.

MY friend, Dr. Bernhisel, M. C., took me this afternoon, by appointment, to meet Brigham Young, President of the Mormon Church, who had expressed a willingness to receive me at 2 p. m. We were very cordially welcomed at the door by the President, who led us into the second-story parlor of the largest of his houses (he has three), where I was introduced to Heber C. Kimball, Gen. Wells, Gen. Ferguson, Albert Carrington, Elias Smith, and several other leading men in the Church, with two full-grown sons of the President. After some unimportant conversation on general topics, I stated that I had come in quest of fuller knowledge respecting the doctrines and polity of the Mormon Church, and would like to ask some questions bearing directly on these, if there were no objection. President Young avowing his willingness to respond to all pertinent inquiries, the conversation proceeded substantially as follows:

H. G.—Am I to regard Mormonism (so-called) as a new religion, or as simply a new development of Christianity?

B. Y.—We hold that there can be no true Christian Church without a priesthood directly commissioned by and in immediate communication with the Son of God and Savior of mankind. Such a church is that of the Latter-Day Saints, called by their enemies Mormons; we know no other that even pretends to have present and direct revelations of God's will.

H. G.—Then I am to understand that you regard all other churches professing to be Christian as the Church of Rome regards all churches not in communion with itself—as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?

B. Y.—Yes, substantially.

H. G.—Apart from this, in what respect do your doctrines differ essentially from those of our Orthodox Protestant Churches—the Baptist or Methodist, for example?

B. Y.—We hold the doctrines of Christianity, as revealed in the Old and New Testaments—also in the Book of Mormon, which teaches the same cardinal truths, and those only.

H. G.—Do you believe in the doctrine of the Trinity?

B. Y.—We do; but not exactly as it is held by other churches. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as equal, but not identical—not as one person [being]. We believe in all the Bible teaches on this subject.

H. G.—Do you believe in a personal devil—a distinct, conscious, spiritual being, whose nature and acts are essentially malignant and evil?

B. Y.—We do.

H. G.—Do you hold the doctrine of Eternal Punishment?

B. Y.—We do; though perhaps not exactly as other churches do. We believe it as the Bible teaches it.

H. G.—I understand that you regard Baptism by Immersion as essential.

B. Y.—We do.

H. G.—Do you practice Infant Baptism?

B. Y.—No.

H. G.—Do you make removal to these valleys obligatory on your converts?

B. Y.—They would consider themselves greatly aggrieved if they were not invited hither. We hold to such a gathering together of God's People as the Bible foretells, and that this is the place, and now is the time appointed for its consummation.

H. G.—The predictions to which you refer have usually, I think, been understood to indicate Jerusalem (or Judea) as the place of such gathering.

B. Y.—Yes, for the Jews—not for others.

H. G.—What is the position of your Church with respect to slavery?

B. Y.—We consider it a Divine institution, and not to be abolished until the curse pronounced on Ham shall have been removed from his descendants.

H. G.—Are any slaves now held in this Territory?

B. Y.—There are.

H. G.—Do your Territorial laws uphold slavery?

B. Y.—Those laws are printed—you can read for yourself. If slaves are brought here by those who owned them in the States, we do not favor their escape from the service of those owners.

H. G.—Am I to infer that Utah, if admitted as a member of the Federal Union, will be a slave State?

B. Y.—No; she will be a free State. Slavery here would prove useless and unprofitable. I regard it generally as a curse to the masters. I myself hire many laborers and pay them fair wages; I could not afford to own them. I can do better than subject myself to an obligation to feed and clothe their families, to provide and care for them in sickness and health. Utah is not adapted to slave labor.

H. G.—Let me now be enlightened with regard more especially to your Church polity: I understand that you require each member to pay over one-tenth of all he produces or earns to the Church.

B. Y.—That is a requirement of our faith. There is no compulsion as to the payment. Each member acts in the premises according to his pleasure, under the dictates of his own conscience.

H. G.—What is done with the proceeds of this tithing?

B. Y.—Part of it is devoted to building temples and other places of worship; part to helping the poor and needy converts on their way to this country; and the largest portion to the support of the poor among the Saints.

H. G.—Is none of it paid to Bishops and other dignitaries of the Church?

B. Y.—Not one penny. No Bishop, no Elder, no Deacon, or other church officer, receives any compensation for his official services. A Bishop is often required to put his hand in his own pocket and provide therefrom for the poor of his charge; but he never receives anything for his services.

H. G.—How, then, do your ministers live?

B. Y.—By the labor of their own hands, like the first Apostles. Every Bishop, every Elder, may be daily seen at work in the field or the shop, like his neighbors; every minister of the Church has his proper calling by which he earns the bread of his family; he who cannot or will not do the Church's work for nothing is not wanted in her service; even our lawyers (pointing to Gen. Ferguson and another present, who are the regular lawyers of the Church) are paid nothing for their services; I am the only person in the Church who has not a regular calling apart from the Church's service, and I never received one farthing from her treasury; if I obtain anything from the tithing-house, I am charged with and pay for it, just as any one else would; the clerks in the tithing-store are paid like other clerks, but no one is ever paid for any service pertaining to the ministry. We think a man who cannot make his living aside from the ministry of Christ unsuited to that office. I am called rich, and consider myself worth $250,000; but no dollar of it was ever paid me by the Church or for any service as a minister of the Everlasting Gospel. I lost nearly all I had when we were broken up in Missouri and driven from that State; I was nearly stripped again when Joseph Smith was murdered and we were driven from Illinois; but nothing was ever made up to me by the Church, nor by any one. I believe I know how to acquire property and how to take care of it.

H. G.—Can you give any rational explanation of the aversion and hatred with which your people are generally regarded by those among whom they have lived and with whom they have been brought directly in contact?

B. Y.—No other explanation than is afforded by the crucifixion of Christ and the kindred treatment of God's ministers, prophets and saints in all ages.

H. G.—I know that a new sect is always decried and traduced—that it is hardly ever deemed respectable to belong to one—that the Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Universalists, &c., have each in their turn been regarded in the infancy of their sect as the offscouring of the earth; yet I cannot remember that either of them were ever generally represented and regarded by the older sects of their early days as thieves, robbers, murderers.

B. Y.—If you will consult the cotemporary Jewish accounts of the life and acts of Jesus Christ, you will find that he and his disciples were accused of every abominable deed and purpose—robbery and murder included. Such a work is still extant, and may be found by those who seek it.

H. G.—What do you say of the so-called Danites, or Destroying Angels, belonging to your Church?

B. Y.—What do *you* say? I know of no such band, no such persons or organization. I hear of them only in the slanders of our enemies.

H. G.—With regard, then, to the grave question on which your doctrines and practices are avowedly at war with those of the Christian world—that of a plurality of wives—is the system of your Church acceptable to the majority of its women?

B. Y.—They could not be more averse to it than I was when it was first revealed to us as the Divine will. I think they generally accept it, as I do, as the will of God.

H. G.—How general is polygamy among you?

B. Y.—I could not say. Some of those present [heads of the Church] have each but one wife; others have more: each determines what is his individual duty.

H. G.—What is the largest number of wives belonging to any one man?

B. Y.—I have fifteen; I know no one who has more; but some of those sealed to me are old ladies whom I regard rather as mothers than wives, but whom I have taken home to cherish and support.

H. G.—Does not the Apostle Paul say that a bishop should be "the husband of one wife"?

B. Y.—So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as fitted for the office of bishop. But the Apostle does not forbid a bishop having more wives than one.

H. G.—Does not Christ say that he who puts away his wife, or marries one whom another has put away, commits adultery?

B. Y.—Yes; and I hold that no man should ever put away a wife except for adultery—not always even for that. Such is *my* individual view of the matter. I do not say that wives have never been put away in our Church, but I do not approve of the practice.

H. G.—How do you regard what is commonly called the Christian Sabbath?

B. Y.—As a divinely appointed day of rest. We enjoin all to rest from secular labor on that day. We would have no man enslaved to the Sabbath, but we enjoin all to respect and enjoy it.

—Such is, as nearly as I can recollect, the substance of nearly two hours' conversation, wherein much was said incidentally that would not be worth reporting, even if I could remember and reproduce it, and wherein others bore a part; but, as President Young is the first minister of the Mormon Church, and bore the principal part in the conversation, I have reported his answers alone to my questions and observations. The others appeared uniformly to defer to his views, and to acquiesce fully in his responses and explanations. He spoke readily, not always with grammatical accuracy, but with no appearance of hesitation or reserve, and with no apparent desire to conceal anything, nor did he repel any of my questions as impertinent. He was very plainly dressed in thin summer clothing, and with no air of sanctimony or fanaticism. In appearance, he is a portly, frank, good-natured, rather thick-set man of fifty-five, seeming to enjoy life, and be in no particular hurry to get to heaven. His associates are plain men, evidently born and reared to a life of labor, and looking as little like crafty hypocrites or swindlers as any body of men I ever met. The absence of cant or snuffle from their manner was marked and general, yet, I think I may fairly say that their Mormonism has not impoverished them—that they were generally poor men when they embraced it, and are now in very comfortable circumstances—as men averaging three or four wives apiece certainly need to be.

If I hazard any criticisms on Mormonism generally, I reserve them for a separate letter, being determined to make this a fair and full exposé of the doctrine and polity, in the very words of its Prophet, so far as I can recall them. I do not believe President Young himself could present them in terms calculated to render them less obnoxious to the Gentile world than the above. But I have a right to add here, because I said it to the assembled chiefs at the close of the above colloquy, that the degradation (or, if you please, the restriction) of Woman to the single office of child-bearing and its accessories, is an inevitable consequence of the system here paramount. I have not observed a sign in the streets, an advertisement in the journals, of this Mormon metropolis, whereby a woman proposes to do anything whatever. No Mormon has ever cited to me his wife's or any woman's opinion on any subject; no Mormon woman has been introduced or has spoken to me; and, though I have been asked to visit Mormons in their houses, no one has spoken of his wife (or wives) desiring to see me, or his desiring me to make her (or their) acquaintance, or voluntarily indicated the existence of such a being or beings. I will not attempt to report our talk on this subject, because, unlike what I have above given, it assumed somewhat the character of a disputation, and I could hardly give it impartially; but one remark made by President Young I think I can give accurately, and it may serve as a sample of all that was offered on that side. It was in these words, I think exactly: "If I did not consider myself competent to transact a certain business without taking my wife's or any woman's counsel with regard to it, I think I ought to let that business alone." The spirit with regard to Woman, of the entire Mormon, as of all other polygamic systems, is fairly displayed in this avowal. Let any such system become established and prevalent, and Woman will soon be confined to the harem, and her appearance in the street with unveiled face will be accounted immodest. I joyfully trust that the genius of the Nineteenth Century tends to a solution of the problem of Woman's sphere and destiny radically different from this. H. G.

COST OF ELIZA COOK'S "OLD ARM CHAIR."

MANY of our readers are aware, no doubt, that there is a song called "The Old Arm Chair," written by a middle-aged young verse spinner, called Eliza Cook. Several years ago Miss Cook was a celebrity in England. She wrote several lyrics which are popular to this day—partly owing to their simple beauty, earnestness and natural expression; partly owing to the "immortal music" to which they were wedded by Henry Russell, a gentleman who supplied the music to Mr. G. P. Morris's "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and thus gave it popularity.

Miss Cook, as we have said, *was* a celebrity. Many of her ballads have been sung wherever the English language is known; but they are not often heard now, for there is a fashion in songs, as there is in other things. The best proof of the oblivion into which Eliza Cook has fallen is that, desiring to refresh our memory about her, we successively looked into the "Men of the Time" (which has a supplement of eminent living women), and did not find her there; into Knight's Cyclopædia, with like result; in o Vapereau's Dictionnaire des Contemporaines, with equal ill-success. In Appleton's New American Cyclopædia is a brief notice. In Allbone's Dictionary of English Literature, however, we found the particulars which we required. Whoever else may be incorrect or careless, Allbone never is.

One of the ballads by which Miss Cook is best known, is "The Old Arm Chair," the sale of which has brought heaps of money to its publisher. We have heard that nearly half a million copies of this song, each at half a dollar (the cost being about three cents), have been disposed of. The following is a copy of the assignment of this lyric to its publisher:

"Received, May 14, 1841, of Mr. Charles Jeffreys, the sum of two pounds two shillings for copyright of words of a song written by me, entitled 'The Old Arm Chair,' music by Mr. Hine.

ELIZA COOK."

There is a low-priced publication in London called the *Musical Bouquet*, the proprietors of which transferred to it, without leave asked or obtained from Mr. Jeffreys, the words and music of "The Old Arm Chair." Numerous copies of this publication were sold, each for six cents, by a Scottish bookseller named Kyle. Against him did Mr. Jeffreys commence a law-suit in the Court of Sessions in Scotland, the object being to prevent any future sale of pirated copies of the song. In the words of the application, "to restrain the appellant (Kyle) from printing and selling, or having in his possession for sale or hire, without the consent of the respondent, the words of the song or poem known by the name of 'The Old Arm Chair,' alleged to have been unlawfully printed, without the consent of the respondent, the proprietor of the copyright, in No. 382 of the *Musical Bouquet*."

Mr. Jeffreys rested his title on two documents: Miss Cook's receipt, as above, and the copy of the certificate of resignation of ownership entered at Stationer's Hall, in conformity with the 5th and 6th of Victoria, cap. 45. It is declared by that statute, which contains very stringent provisions for the accuracy of the register, that such certified copies "shall be *prima facie* evidence of the proprietorship or assignment of copyright." He also called Mr. George Henry Davidson, music publisher in London, whose evidence was to the effect that Miss Cook had refused to deal with him in reference to "The Old Arm Chair," on the ground that she had assigned it to Mr. Jeffreys. Mr. Davidson subsequently obtained, for £10, the right to print and publish the song from Mr. Jeffreys. Miss Cook, on being told of the transaction, agreed at Mr. Davidson's request, to sit to Mr. Cruikshank for her portrait, to be prefixed to the proposed cheap edition.

On the other hand, Mr. Kyle contended that Mr. Jeffreys had shown no title to the song except the receipt of Miss E. Cook, which he submitted was not sufficient to transfer a copyright, and that Mr. Jeffreys, not having a sufficient title to the song, had no right to register it as his at Stationer's Hall.

This case, which has passed through various Courts of Law in Scotland, was finally decided, by the Court of Session in Edinburgh, in favor of Mr. Jeffreys. Against this decision Mr. Kyle appealed to the House of Lords (which, as an ultimate Court of Appeal, is the most powerful tribunal in Great Britain), and after hearing the argument the Law-Lords dismissed the appeal with costs. This judgment was given on June 27th, on which day Lord Campbell first took his seat on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor, and, indeed, this "Old Arm Chair" case will be memorable not only on its own merits, but as literally being the first heard by Lord Campbell in his new capacity.

"With costs"—two very small words, with very great significance. What may have been the amount of costs, incurred by both parties, during this battle in the law-courts? About $10,000, all of which Mr. Kyle must disburse. Franklin spoke of paying dearly for his whistle. But here is a man who pays yet more dearly for his song.

From this forth, in all probability, Mr. Kyle will not allow such an article of furniture as an "arm chair," new or "old," within the four walls of his house. Indeed, when he puts his spectacles on to examine the items of the bill of costs, for which he has to pay about $10 000, we should not wonder if he sit—on the stool of repentance.—*Philadelphia Press, August* 13.

A LESSON FROM FLOWERS.

I MADE a posy while the day ran by;
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers; and they
My noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart,
I took, without more thinking, in good part,
Time's gentle admonition;
Which did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures;
I follow straight, without complaint or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LIFE OF HUMBOLDT.

[Introduction to a Life of Humboldt, soon to be issued by Rudd and Carlton, of this city.]

A BIOGRAPHY of Alexander von Humboldt, which shall contain a full and conscientious account of his life and labors, written in a style sufficiently clear and untechnical to meet the popular tastes, has long been a necessity in our literature. Those biographies which are already in existence do not possess this character: they are rather chronicles of his achievements in the various departments of natural science, than stories of a life almost unexampled for its wealth of experience, its labors, and successes. The "Lives of the Brothers Humboldt," by Klencke, which has been translated into English, is very fragmentary in this respect; it passes over unnoticed many episodes in the life of Alexander von Humboldt, which are of great interest to the general reader. In fact, it has only been in the closing years of his life that the excellencies of his character, *as a man*, apart from his distinction as a *savan*, have received full and general acknowledgment.

No task could have been pleasanter to me than that of attempting to bring home to the familiar acquaintance of the great reading public of the United States the history of the great man, with whose friendship I was honored; and, as the literary labors I had already on hand prevented me from undertaking such a work, it is all the more gratifying to me to know that it has been faithfully and conscientiously done by one every way capable of the performance. Having examined the biography which follows, I can testify to its exactness and completeness, and therefore—though the subject of the book is its own sufficient recommendation—cordially accede to the request of the author, that I should add a few words of introduction, embodying my own impressions of Humboldt's character.

When I first saw him he was in his eighty-eighth year, but, except in the bowed head and slow step, showed scarcely any signs of bodily decay. A portrait, painted nearly forty years before, at which time his hair was already gray, showed that time had occasioned but little change in his appearance, while its only effect upon his mind was, perhaps, a lack of that power of concentration which enabled him to master so many various departments of natural science. He was still every inch a king, with no faculty appreciably dulled, no sympathy blunted, no hope for the increase of human knowledge or generous aspiration for the good of his kind less earnest than in his prime of life. A year later, I found him broken, indeed, in bodily health, yet still capable of sixteen hours of continuous mental labor; and his last letter to me, written but a short time before his death, betrayed no sign of failing faculties, though the hand which traced it was evidently weak and trembling.

In the castle at Tegel, where he was born, and in the park of which he now sleeps beside his brother, hangs a portrait of him, painted at the age of 35. He is there represented as a man of rather less than the medium stature, but firmly and symmetrically built, with a full, keen, ardent face, firm lips, clear blue eyes, and thick locks of chesnut hair, clustering about his square massive brow. He wears a green coat, knee-breeches, and a heavy cloak lined with red. He is represented as leaning against a rock on a slope of the Andes, the snowy dome of Chimborazo filling up the background of the picture. In comparing this picture with his living presence, I found that the shoulders had stooped, leaving the head bent forward, as if weighed down by the burden of its universal knowledge; the hair had grown snow-white, and somewhat thinner; the mouth had lost its clear, sharp outline, and the eager, energetic expression of the face was gone: but the blue eyes were as serene and youthful as ever, and the skin as fair, smooth, and ruddy, almost, as that of a young man.

The first impression produced by Humboldt's face was that of its thorough humanity. The blood which fed his restless brain never weakened the pulsations of his human heart. Beneath that devotion to science which he illustrated by the labors of seventy-five years, burned steadily and unwaveringly the flame of sympathy for his kind. Probably no man who ever lived has given aid and encouragement to so great a number of aspiring and deserving men. I know instances of persons in humble life having sought his assistance for themselves or their friends, and in no case was it refused. The applicants returned from the interview cheered, inspired, and full of affectionate veneration for the man who, in the midst of his immense labors, could yet give an hour to themselves and their plans. No rational appeal to him was ever slighted, and the vast influence which he possessed, in his later years, was always exerted in the behalf of science and her earnest votaries.

Jealousy of his fellow-laborers formed no part of his nature. His enthusiasm was too pure and ardent to be alloyed by any personal consideration. Not his own fame—not his supremacy as an observer or a theorizer—but the advancement of human knowledge, the discovery of grand general laws—the footsteps of God in the creation—was his aim and his ambition. What he has done is not to be measured by his own individual achievements: the generous impulse which he has given to others cannot be estimated. The vast results which have followed scientific research, since the commencement of this century, were initiated by his example; he pointed out to others the tracks which he could not himself follow, and, even when acknowledged as a leader, never hesitated to labor with the humblest. In this respect, his character presents an almost ideal excellence.

The lesson of Humboldt's life is not without its special significance at the present day, when the thirst for wealth and place, and power, seems hotter and fiercer than ever. With the advantages of his birth and inherited position, many paths of advancement were opened to him, but he disdained them all, sacrificing everything to his love of knowledge, until finally, in his old age, honors such as no statesman ever won were laid as voluntary offerings at his feet. The indifference with which he regarded them showed how little such rewards had entered into his plan of life. Yet, though the acknowledged equal of kings, he was never seduced by the splendors of courts to forget his character as a man whose sympathies were with the people rather than their rulers. So well were his political predilections understood among the monarchs who called him friend that at the Congress of Verona, of which he was a member, when he proposed some temporary measure which had an arbitrary character, the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, turning to him, said in a tone of mock reproach: "And is it you, arch-Republican as you are, who propose this despotic measure?" This incident was related to me by Humboldt himself, during my last interview with him. One can therefore understand the depth of that esteem felt for him by the present demented king of Prussia, when the latter introduced Humboldt to the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, at Prague, some four or five years ago. His jesuitical majesty asked: "Who is the Baron von Humboldt, that you present him to me with so much *empressement*? I have never heard of him!" "Not heard of him!" exclaimed the king in honest amazement; "why, he is the greatest man since the Deluge!"

Humboldt's large fortune was wholly expended in the prosecution of his travels and the publication of his works, and during the latter years of his life he was entirely dependent upon his diplomatic pension, and the copyright of his "Kosmos." To my friend Heine, the artist, he sent his own copy (the original edition) of his "*Vues des Cordilleres*, containing some of his marginal notes. On learning that the same gentleman had been obliged to go to America through his connection with the events of 1848, he prevailed upon the King of Prussia to grant him the Order of the Red Eagle—through which recognition the official ban was removed. This is but one instance of the many acts of kindness on his part, with which I have become acquainted.

His m